Anti-Slavery Standard Vol. 13-14

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

S. H. GAY, OLIVER JOHNSON, ... Editors.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

EDMUND QUINCY, Corresponding Editor.

VOL. XIV. NO. 24. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1853. WHOLE NO. 700.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, on Saturday, by the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, at their office, No. 142 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK. Terms, *Two Dollars* per annum. Printed, for the American Anti-Slavery Society, by NORRIS & JOHNSTON, printers, No. 21 Spruce street, New York.

Selections.

From the Belfast (Ireland) Mercury.

AMERICAN SLAVERY AND AMERICAN CHURCHES.

IN bringing this awful theme occasionally before our readers, let us not be accused of any desire to inflict gratuitous pain. The subject is pressing, and will continue to press more and more on public attention in these countries. The time is rapidly approaching when we can no longer refuse to listen to the harrowing and horrible details of the slave system in the United States of America. The atrocities perpetrated there by a people speaking our language and allied to us by blood, have become so frightful and of such daily occurrence, that the whole civilized world stands aghast! We cannot excuse ourselves for apathy in the great controversy between the oppressors and their victims by the plea that we are not American citizens, and consequently have no means of making our voices heard on the other side of the Atlantic. We have no vote, it is true, in the returning of members to Congress, or in the election of the President of the vaunted Republic. But are not multitudes of those who go forth to record their votes on such occasions our former neighbours and acquaintances? Nay, are there not hosts of them our own relations or attached friends? It is a common saying amongst us, in the North of Ireland (and it is a true one), that there is, perhaps, scarcely a family existing, at present, here who has not connections in America. There are few names here that are not also found there; there are few specimens of "the human face divine" adorning the green hills and fruitful valleys of Ireland whose features may not be traced in the cities or in the plantations of the United States. What then? Why, simply this: Could not much be done in assisting to bring this fearful struggle to a favourable issue, by urgent, individual appeals from ourselves, addressed to our several family connections in America, affectionately beseeching them to consider their position as members of a slaveholding community, imploring them by their love of liberty, their reverence for that human nature which God has given them in common with the poor slave, and their anxiety for the safety of the great social fabric of which they form a part, to vote, speak, agitate, and pray for the speedy abolition of the diabolical system of negro Slavery as practised among them. Surely, our emigrant friends—the exiles from Erin—are not all prepared to acquiesce in the dreary and eternal reign of diabolism and despair. We know that there are, unfortunately, too many dastardly wretches who, as soon as they touch the soil of the United States, lose all their former ideas of right and wrong, of freedom and slavery. They cast their scruples of conscience into the sea over which they have sailed, and enter the territory of the Republic prepared to obey its mandates respecting the negroes, even, if need be, to the simple shedding of the blood and selling the skins of the coloured population.

But such, we would hope, are dire exceptions to the general rule. The vast majority of emigrants are opposed to Slavery, and a few years' residence in the United States, so far from disarming their opposition, should rather confirm it. If so, why should they not be called on and encouraged by their relatives here to organize their opposition, and to exert themselves for the return of Abolitionist representatives? Very many of such family connections may be living in States which do not hold slaves; but the whole American Union sanctions the shocking traffic, and the Fugitive Slave Law extends to every portion of territory claimed by the United States. A memorable and melancholy illustration of this fact occurred at Boston, some time ago. A coloured girl, eighteen years of age, escaped from Slavery in South Carolina, and came to Boston. She was there respectably married, and had lived happily with her husband for the space of seven years. She had two children (boys), one six and the other four years old. The Fugitive Slave Law was passed, and then the father, who was a free citizen, had no longer any right to his little boys—because their mother had been a slave! Immediately, a law officer, with a writ for her arrest, came to Boston, and would have carried her and her children back into Slavery but for the timely assistance of kind friends, who secretly conveyed them to another locality. John S. C. Abbot, who narrates the whole affair in *The New York Evangelist*, remarks, in reference to this particular instance of the operation of the villanous Fugitive Slave Act: "A young, healthy, energetic mother, with two fine boys, was a rich prize. She would make an excellent breeder. Good men began to say, We must enforce this law; 'it is one of the compromises of the Constitution.' Christian ministers began to preach, 'The voice of law is the voice of God. There is no higher rule of duty. We must send back the fugitive and her children, even though we take our sister from the sacramental table of our common Saviour!'" O ruthless ribald Priests, say we! O traitors to your "common Saviour," more selfish and degraded than he who kissed him and sold him for thirty pieces of silver! O wretched sophists, who substitute the "doctrine of devils" for the Gospel of peace and good will to men! Out upon you, base deniers of the Lord that bought you!

These are bitter words; but any others would fail to express our utter and unmitigated scorn for slaveholding and slave-breeding Christian ministers. Christian, forsooth! Is there any national crime to be found anywhere under the sun so atrocious, and gigantic withal, as the slave system of Christian America? Is there any enormity perpetrated among "many black Gentoos or Pagan Turks" which, in turpitude, cruelty, selfishness, and all iniquity, can be compared to it? We are aware of none. When Slavery assumes the garb, and claims the sanction, of religion, it becomes indescribably hideous! When the professed teachers of Christianity are such utter renegades to the humanity, morality, and liberty of the Gospel, as to recommend or wink at, much less to practise, the revolting doctrines of the American slave laws, we can only tremble when we think of the doom which the Republic thus fatally prepares for itself! Religion pre-eminently sanctions the sacredness of the marriage bond, and the enjoyments and charities of home; but Slavery, as *defined and recommended and practised* by many American clergymen (we believe of every sect), ruthlessly violates the holiest and tenderest affection of the human heart. Christianity defines and enforces the duties of husbands and wives, but the American slave code compels the coloured portion of the population to live in a state of concubinage; for, in the eye of the law, no slave man is the husband of any wife *in particular*, nor is any slave woman the wife of any husband *in particular!* The religion of the Bible touchingly refers to the relation between parents and children; but, in the eye of the law, no slave men or women are the parents of any children in particular, and no slave children can claim the protection of any parents in particular!

Not only do individual clergymen speculate in this accursed traffic, on their own account, but WHOLE CHURCHES engage actively and advantageously in the jobbing of slaves. The lay members of many churches, of various names, get hold of a lot of male and female slaves (bequeathed, probably, by some deceased pew-renters, to secure the permanent spiritual instruction of their fellow-sinners), and with the funds derived from the toils, sufferings, *and propagation* of these unfortunates, the churches are able to pay a large stipend to the hireling mountebanks whom they call preachers. The practice, in such cases, is to hire out to the highest bidders the slaves thus constituting the property of said churches, *on the Christmas day of each year*, the day which these precious Christians celebrate as a sort of festival intended to commemorate the birth of the Redeemer? Very nice, business-like arrangement that! It secures to the people the usual amount of pulpit edification during the ensuing year; and when occasion requires, they may enjoy, too, the *sealing ordinances* of religion. It secures, also, to the minister his yearly allowance, in lieu of which he is expected to teach the *whites* that they are a great and a free people, and the *blacks* that God has *appointed them to be servants*, and that their only hope of Salvation is submission and subordination!

But the American Christians can make their slaves do greater things than even pay stipend. In many instances, it is the poor slave who educates and prepares the candidates for the Christian Ministry. In other words, certain *theological seminaries* are supported by slave-labour and slave-dealing! Occasionally, advertisements appear in the American newspapers announcing sales of slaves to satisfy mortgages in favour of the Board of Directors of this or that Theological Seminary! We have seen an advertisement calling public attention to "a prime gang of negroes" which (not who) were offered for sale by an Independent Church. When a Doctor of Divinity dies, and goes to render an account of his stewardship, his wordly effects are generally brought to the hammer, and nothing is more common than to see lots of slaves advertised as part of the chattel property of the deceased. The following paragraph, from a letter addressed by Lloyd Garrison to Louis Kossuth, gives us a glance at the lamentable scenes which are daily taking place throughout that wretched land: "A Presbyterian Elder, *in good and regular standing*, a reputed watchman upon the walls of Zion, among his goods and chattels owned a young female who is a member of the Congregational Baptist Church, which was under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Mr. Samsom—the Church at which Secretary Corwin and family worship. This female *displeased* her *religious* master in some way, and he, Christian man, forthwith gave her into the hands of the slave-traders, who took her over to Alexandria, and incarcerated her, with others, in a slave-pen, where she is to remain with others until a *full drove* is made up for the Southern market. When spoken to on the subject, the grey-haired elder excused himself by charging her with crime! The girl protested her innocence, and desired, even begged for, a trial. This poor helpless slave has a mother, who is also a slave, subject to all the rigours of *lower law*. When apprised of the situation of her daughter, she flew to the 'pen,' and, with tears, besought an interview with her only child; but she was cruelly refused, and told to begone." Yes; she was never, in this world, to meet her poor daughter again. The Presbyterian elder has separated them forever!

We cannot pursue this mournful subject further at present.

ANTI-SLAVERY LITERATURE.

FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND STROKES FOR FREEDOM. A series of Anti-Slavery Tracts, of which half a million are now first issued by the friends of the negro. London: W. and F. Cash, etc. Price 2s.

A CLOUD OF WITNESSES against Slavery and Oppression; containing the acts, opinions, and sentiments of individuals and societies in all ages; selected from various sources, and for the most part chronologically arranged. By Wilson Armistead. London: W. Tweedie, etc. Price 1s. 6d.

THERE is a man in Leeds, and his name is Wilson Armistead. He is a member of the Society of Friends. There is another member of the same Society in Bristol; a plain reserved-looking man, living in a very plain house; whose name is Joseph Eaton. He gives away thousands of pounds sterling for the foundation and maintenance of hospitals, and thousands upon thousands more for the promotion of the temperance cause by the circulation of tracts and other instrumentalities. In the volumes before us we have evidence that what Joseph Eaton has done for the temperance cause in England, is here attempted, according to his measure—for he is not a rich man—by Wilson Armistead for the abolition of Slavery. We have incidentally heard that this gentleman has visited the United States, and in his person we have one of those exceedingly rare instances of any of our countrymen visiting that land and returning without allowing their Anti-Slavery sympathies to be lulled, or their Anti-Slavery convictions undermined by the blandishments of gain, the deadly indifference of the sects, or the selfish claims of party. For this reason we value his co-operation all the more; he is himself one of the Cloud of Witnesses. These five hundred thousand Anti-Slavery tracts are indeed a noble Tribute to the Negro. They consist of a series of eighty-two distinct pamphlets, varying in length from one to twenty-eight duodecimo pages, of each of which, on an average, six thousand have been scattered over the country; and as they are nearly all of a practical character and filled with facts, they cannot fail to prove of immense service to the Anti-Slavery cause. As an enumeration of their names alone would nearly fill a page of the *Advocate*, we shall not attempt it; but it may be well to say that one hundred 24 pp. tracts may be had for 6s. 6d.; one hundred 12 pp. for 3s. 6d.; one hundred 8 pp. for 2s. 3d.; one hundred 4 pp. for 1s. 2d., and one hundred 1 page for 6d.; that the whole set may be had bound in a volume for 2s., and for 6d. more in a handsome cloth cover, as in the copy now before us, which is stamped "*Leeds Anti-Slavery Tracts*," "*First half million issue*," above and beneath the old fashioned kneeling negro, who, since Clarkson began his labours sixty-six years ago, has never ceased asking us, "*Am I not a man and a brother?*"

We like this "*First* half million issue." It looks as if the benevolent projector had no idea how many half millions there may be. And, in point of fact, the first half million has moved off so rapidly that another is in course of preparation; amongst which we are glad to know are included a recent speech of Mr. Garrison's, clearly explaining the principles and objects of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and that admirable "Brief Notice of the Abolition Movement," published some years ago by Mr. Estlin, of Bristol, and now re-published with corrections and additions, bringing it down to the present time.

We were near omitting to mention that the collected volume is illustrated by several spirited and well-executed woodcuts, illustrative of the perils and suffering of slave life; and by some engravings and portraits, of which the most interesting is that of Ellen Craft in the disguise of a young planter, under which, in company with her husband, who attended her as a body servant, she effected her escape from Macon in the far Southern slave State of Georgia. They travelled by first class on railways, in the cabins of steamboats, and put up at the best hotels. Neither of them knowing how to read or write, they were in constant danger of detection from the jealous and watchful precautions of the slaveholders, until they reached the free State of Pennsylvania. Thence they removed to Boston, where they resided peaceably for some months until the enactment of the Fugitive Slave Law, when extraordinary efforts were made to number them amongst its most devoted victims. This heroic and estimable woman, who is no browner than a Spanish lady, and her husband, a dark mulatto with well-formed features and dignified bearing, are now receiving their education in England. But we anticipate the contents of the pamphlet, which we earnestly recommend to the notice of the reader.

The title of the "Cloud of Witnesses," which we have given at full length, sufficiently explains its contents. Such a selection could not fail to be full of good things. It is, however, so similar in its character to another selection entitled "Liberty," which was published some years ago by the American Anti-Slavery Society, that we think the latter can never have come under the notice of Mr. Armistead. The more of such compilations the better; they are valuable text books to the Abolitionist. But we wish that the "Cloud of Witnesses," being published so recently, had omitted some of the more commonplace quotations, and introduced a greater number of the stirring testimonies of living labourers in the cause; such as Garrison, Phillips, Thompson, Gerrit Smith, Abby Kelly Foster, Giddings, and C. C. Burleigh, whose stand-up fight with Slavery through many arduous years has clothed their words with a power and authority on this subject, to which the dicta of mere scholars or learned men can have no pretension.

Let us here throw out a suggestion that has often occurred to us—that a volume containing the very essence of Anti-Slavery principle and experience might be compiled with great advantage from the resolutions passed at American Anti-Slavery meetings and conventions. Like pemmican amongst articles of food, it would contain the compressed essence of the subject, and would supply the Anti-Slavery soldier with a perfect arsenal of effective weapons.—*London Anti-Slavery Advocate.*

PROFESSOR STOWE AND THE COTTON QUESTION.

WE take pleasure in publishing the following extract from a letter received by us lately from Professor Stowe. The reporters of his speeches in England evidently did him injustice in representing him as willing to degrade and cheapen free labour for the sake of putting an end to slave labour. His views in regard to the cotton-growing monopoly certainly do not differ much from those entertained by slaveholders themselves. It is this monopoly which, in their opinion, makes slave labour profitable, and they tell us that so long as this shall continue they will maintain the system. We are not prepared to say that the growth of free cotton is "an essential and indispensable requisite to the abolition of Slavery," but it is evident that whatever tends to interfere with the slaveholders' monopoly of cotton-growing, or to reduce the profits of slave labour, will favour the abolition of the system.

There is nothing in the views of Professor Stowe, as presented in the following extract, which can expose him justly to denunciation on any question, or subject to suspicion his patriotism or his philanthropy.—*Ed. National Era.*

"Cotton has now come to be, in the civilized world, as much a necessary of life as corn. Slaveholders have now, in effect, the monopoly of cotton-growing. So long as they have this monopoly, *they never will take* any measures for the abolition of Slavery.

"As matters now stand, therefore, free-grown cotton is an essential, an indispensable, requisite to the abolition of Slavery.

"It is possible to raise cotton by free labour; and, though at first it may be attended by some loss, it can eventually be raised by free more economically than by slave labour. This is made obvious, by comparing the moderate price of free labour with the enormous outlay of capital and constant risk of heavy loss attendant on slave labour.

"It is, therefore, a plain duty of all who desire the abolition of Slavery, to do what in them lies to encourage free-labour produce. To do what they can, and *all they can*, in this way, is their obvious duty; though *impossibilities* are not required of them, nor of anybody else. A little consultation, a little concert, a little self-denial, and a little effort, would soon show them that they have vastly more of power in this direction than they now have any idea of.

"As Great Britain is the greatest consumer of cotton in the world, and derives the greatest pecuniary advantage from it; as her colonies have the best soil and climate for cotton-growing, and the best means for procuring free labourers; and as she stands prominently before the world as the great Anti-Slavery nation of the earth, with resources both of capital and intellect—of enterprise and political influence—of military and naval strength, and of territorial extent almost boundless—it is peculiarly the duty of Great Britain to attend to this matter, and *at least to make the effort* to supply herself with free-grown cotton, at whatever cost of money or labour. This she must do, if she will work effectively to the destruction of Slavery throughout the world.

"This is what I have thought and said, and *this is all that I have thought and said*, on this matter; and, though bitterly reproached for it, both by Pro-Slavery men and Anti-Slavery men, I still believe it all to be true and right, and shall still insist upon it as such, till the contrary is shown.

"As to urging the cessation of *moral means*, or advising the transportation of coolies or Chinamen to work for sixpence a day, nothing of the kind ever entered my head or fell from my lips.

From the Pennsylvania Freeman.

BIGAMY AND POLYGAMY SANCTIONED BY THE CHURCH.

THE fact is notorious that Baptist churches and Associations at the South have repeatedly and publicly decided that slaves separated by sale or removal, from their wives or husbands, might marry again, without any violation of the law of the Church, or of Christianity; "such separation being equivalent to death;" and that every slave husband or wife may thus marry again as often as the separation is repeated. We have before us proof that a similar morality prevails in the Methodist Church, under its sanction, and it is altogether probable that "usage" has established the same moral code in other slaveholding churches. Indeed, this pollution could hardly be said to defile a church that had already embraced the whole slave system, with all its abominations.

Some two or two and a half years ago, a slaveholder of Charleston, S. C., brought to this State a slave woman and her two children and emancipated them, being unable to secure them their freedom in South Carolina. This woman, before her emancipation and since, has borne a high character for integrity and intelligence, her life bearing witness to the divine power and excellence of the Christian faith she had received, as her law and guide. She was married to a husband whom she loved with the devotion of a true wife, and together they were members of the Methodist Church of Charleston; and it was the only grief that darkened the brightness of her joy that she was separated from him. The cup of Freedom unshared by her husband, lost much of its sweetness. But her love prompted exertions to restore him to her arms. By the assistance of friends, arrangements were made for his purchase from Slavery, and some three hundred dollars were collected toward that object. Her hope brightened; the satisfaction of her heart's yearning and hunger seemed almost at hand; when the news fell upon her like a thunderbolt, crushing and consuming to ashes all her anticipations, that her husband had married another woman. She wrote to him, in the agony of her spirit, upbraiding him for his false and cruel conduct. At the same time she wrote to his Class Leader in the Church, to secure his and the Church's aid in bringing her husband to see the sinfulness and cruelty of his course, and inducing him to abandon it.

The Leader laid the case before the church, and afterwards returned to the heart-broken wife the following letter, communicating their views of the case. We commend the letter to the careful examination of every reader. It is a signal illustration of the moral pollution and death which Slavery has wrought in the churches that have taken it in the arms of their fellowship:

CHARLESTON, May 26th, 1853.

DEAR MADAM: I duly received you letter desiring me to inform you of the reasons by which your husband justified his recent conduct. I regret, indeed, that such should ever have been the case, but considering the circumstances by which he is surrounded, I cannot think him wholly unjustifiable. It is a fact known to you, that he is not master of his own time, and cannot, therefore, employ it at his will. He has been separated from you two years, and has not the possibility of ever again seeing you. It is out of his power to go to you, if so disposed. Conscious of this, and having been assured of your comfort and happiness, *he availed himself of the privilege the Church allows all persons similarly situated, and took to himself another wife.* It is natural to mankind to seek and desire companionship, and when deprived of this high privelege by circumstances beyond his control, and for so long a time, *he becomes literally a widower.* Such being the case, it seems to me that one *would be pardonable* if he sought those pleasures of sympathy and companionship in the bosom of another. The precedent he has given leaves it optional with you to follow his example if desirous. Sympathy and charity cover a multitude of sins, and to these ennobling qualities of the mind this case loudly appeals.

Think not, Madam, from what I have said, that it is my wish to defend or justify him. It is my desire only to present the matter in a plain and reasonable light, and to reconcile you to the change if possible. Concerning his feelings, and the rest of his conduct, I cannot assure you of anything with the certainty of truth, but must leave you to decide, as, in your judgment, his conduct justifies you.

Hoping that these considerations will meet due favour, I am, with true regard, Yours,

JACOB WESTON.

The sentiments of the above letter, which we have taken the liberty to mark with italics, are worthy of a re-perusal, and to be indelibly written in the memory. Here is a plain avowal, by an officer of the church, a leader and teacher of its members, that the Church "allows the privilege" of bigamy or polygamy, to "all persons similarly situated;" that the separation of husband and wife caused by Slavery are a *literal widowhood;* and that other subsequent marriages by the parties are "pardonable." It will be borne in mind that this church expresses no regrets for the separations by man of what "God has joined together"—this inflicted "widowhood." It does not yield to a necessity it deplores, and is striving to avert. So far from it, the slave system, with its traffic in human beings, its merciless sundering of families and its degradation of soul and prostitution of purity, finds its strongest bulwark in the Church. The State makes it legal, Custom makes it expedient, Avarice pronounces it necessary and profitable; but the Church consecrates it as *divine;* the especial object of Heaven's favour, to assail which is "infidelity and blasphemy." It seeks to perpetuate and extend the institution, to multiply its victims and rivet their chains forever; while daily witnessing its character and results, aye, while actively helping to form that character and produce those results. Thus this self-styled Christian Church committs itself before the world to the righteousness of Bigamy and Polygamy—crimes severely punishable under the laws of all Christian nations.

From the (London) Inquirer.

RESOLUTIONS ON SLAVERY AT UNITARIAN MEETINGS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR: I am desired by the Committee of the West Riding Tract and Village Mission Society to request your insertion of the enclosed, in continuance, as it were, of the report of the proceedings of the annual meeting last June. I have not yet received any acknowledgement from the American Unitarian Association, nor, I am surprised to say, from the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, to whom the resolution was communicated on the 12 or 13th of June. Of course the Committee, in publishing Mr. May's letter, do not indorse all its sentiments and expressions.

I am, sir, yours, EDWARD HIGGINSON,
Secretary to the West Riding Tract and Village Mission Society.

Wakefield, Sept. 22, 1853.

Rev. Edward Higginson, Wakefield.

DEAR SIR: Day before yesterday I received your favour of June 11, accompanying a very interesting communication from the annual meeting of the West Riding Unitarian Tract and Village Mission Society. I am grateful that you and your associates should have deemed me worthy to be the medium of your gentle but serious admonition to the Unitarian Christians of America on the great subject of Slavery. I have transmitted your official letter to the Rev. Samuel K. Lothrop, D.D., President of the American Unitarian Association, with a letter of which the following is a copy.

Syracuse, New York, June 30, 1853.

Rev. S. K. Lothrop, D.D.

DEAR SIR: Yesterday brought me the accompanying communication from England. I send it without delay to you, the President of the American Unitarian Association, trusting that you will communicate it as soon as may be to the individuals who compose that body, through such channels as you may think will most certainly convey it to the largest number. It is obviously proper and very desirable that that class of Christians who are distinguished for the respect they profess for human nature should know how our brethren of the like precious faith in England regard the system of American Slavery, which tramples upon every right and outrages every feeling of humanity—an enormity of wickedness that could not have subsisted in our country if the ecclesiastical bodies and the ministers of religion had done their duty respecting it.

Without stopping to measure the amount of our remissness by a comparison with other Christian denominations, let us bow before the rebuke that may come from any part of the world, in the mortifying consciousness that we have been verily guilty concerning our brethren who are in bondage. Although, by reason of our small numbers and the location of our churches, we Unitarians may have had less to do directly with the enforcement of Slavery than other Christians, yet such is the character of our distinctive doctrines, that any indifference to wronged and suffering fellow-beings is more inconsistent and less excusable in us than in any other sect.

It matters not that there may be iniquities well nigh as egregious as Slavery instituted and tolerated in that country from which this admonition comes to us. If the admonition be pertinent, we should gratefully receive it, and be quickened by it to the more faithful discharge of our duties as individual Unitarian Christians, and as an association. Our first concern should be to rid ourselves of all sin; and we have reason to bless those who help us, or provoke us to do this, whether they be saints or whether they be sinners as great as ourselves. You cannot fail, I think, to be much pleased with the tone and spirit of our English brethren's communication. In a note from the Rev. E. Higginson, Secretary of the West Riding Society, I have received an added assurance of the desire which prevailed at their meeting to avoid, in their resolutions, the use of any language that should unnecessarily wound the most sensitive amongst us. It seems to me that none can justly be offended, except such (if such there be) as maintain that in this life of temptation, trial and infirmity, every one should be left alone to discover his mistake, fight his spiritual battles, and bear his burdens as well as he may be able without aid or sympathy. Yours truly,

SAMUEL J. MAY.

I need add nothing to the above in order to show you and our brethren, who were of the meeting at the West Riding, how grateful, for one, I am that you have interested yourselves so heartily in the cause of my oppressed countrymen. It will not be in vain that you have spoken to us in their behalf. We have needed and do still need to be admonished, urged, perhaps goaded, to do our duty towards them. Yours very truly,

(Signed) SAMUEL J. MAY.

Syracuse, June 30, 1853.

WHAT THE SOUTH HAS DONE.

"WHAT the South has done for the poor Africans" is the title of a paragraph in the "Home and Foreign Record of the Southern Baptist Convention." Let us see:

"It did not bring the negroes here. That was done under sanction of British law, against the remonstrances of the colonies, and by the ancestors of those who, dwelling in palaces built by the profits of slaves, denounce Slavery as accursed. It did not make slaves of them; they were slaves in their own country, and came here slaves. But finding them here, the South has so happily exercised upon them a civilizing and Christianizing influence, that many of them have been prepared by grace for a home and a throne in glory through the means employed for their conversion."

On this very positive and unequivocal statement we have a few questions to ask:

Whence were the myriads of mulattoes and quadroons in the South "brought?"

Was it British law that guaranteed the slave trade from 1788 to 1808? Was it British power or influence that instigated the delegates from South Carolina and Georgia, in the federal convention, to declare that without a guaranty of the slave trade, those States would be no party to the Union?

Was it British legislation that, in all the Southern colonies, enacted the Roman slave code—in particular, the provision that the offspring of a slave woman by a free man shall follow the condition of the mother—thus offering a premium to lust by enabling men to traffic in their own flesh and blood? Were the laws discouraging emancipation, passed in several Southern colonies before the revolution, forced upon them by British power? How many, and which, of the Southern colonies resisted the slave trade? Did any one of them, beside Virginia? and did Virginia before she had become a slave exporting colony?

Was the support which England gave to the slave trade right or wrong? If right, why blame her? If wrong, why not imitate her emancipating acts, and join in her condemnation of the wrong? Were such of the poor Africans as were slaves in Africa rightfully or wrongfully enslaved? If rightfully, how was the slave trade a wrong? If wrongfully, how is their retention in bondage and the enslaving of their posterity justified?

In regard to the civilizing and Christianizing agencies exerted on these poor people, we would inquire whether the denial of *marriage* is included? or the violent separation of young children from their parents? or the prohibition, under the extremest penalties, to teach them to read? or the denial of all rights of property? or their incapacity to sue, or to give evidence in a court of law? What kind of civilization or Christianity is that which offers no adequate security of person, recognises no rights of property, denies the means of mental culture, makes chastity an almost impossible virtue, and makes war upon the tenderest ties of humanity?—*Watchman and Reflector.*

VIEWS OF JOHN C. CALHOUN.

THE following article we (*Independent*) copy entire from the *Examiner*, of Richmond, Va., date of October 14, 1853. The article referred to, of which but an extract is given below, was the leader in the *Independent* of Febuary 21, 1850. The idea that anybody but Mrs. Stowe is the author of Uncle Tom's Cabin, is ridiculous. No further comments on the *Charleston Mercury* are needed now:

[From the Charleston Mercury.]

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The following account of a scene which occurred during the last illness of Mr. Calhoun will be interesting to many of our readers. A marked paper was received, and Mr. Calhoun remarked, "read the article." The writer adds:

We read about forty lines, when we heard a movement in the bed which attracted our attention, and we turned our head to look at him, thinking he wanted something. Those who visited him during the last winter he spent in Washington will well remember the large-sized room which he occupied, and in which he died. It had been used, after the burning of the capitol in 1815, for the United States Senate Chamber. Mr. Calhoun's bed was in one corner, and we used to do our writing upon a little pine table in the middle of the room, which, by the way, was his favourite writing place, and one of the relics of him which we brought on to New York after his death, which we still retain. When we turned our face toward the bed, we found him sitting up, his eyes flashing, and he was evidently excited.

"Commence again, and read the first part. What paper is that?"

"*The Independent.*"

"That man understands the subject upon which he writes. Read on."

We did so—frequently interrupted by his observations:

"He has got the true view of the subject." "A very clever man, whoever he is." "Mr. Clay should read that article."

The article was found, on further inquiry, to have been written by Henry Ward Beecher, the true author, doubtless, of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and a portion of it is as follows:

"*Shall we Compromise?*—Mr. Clay's Compromise has been violently resisted by the South, and but coldly looked upon in the North. It is not that both sides are infatuated, and refuse a reasonable settlement. But the skill of Mr. Clay has evidently not touched the seat of disease. He either has not perceived or has not thought it expedient to meet the real issue now before the people of the United States. The struggle going on is a struggle whose depths lie in the organization of society, in the North and South respectively; whose causes were planted in the Constitution. There are two incompatible and mutually destructive principles wrought together in the government of the land. Hitherto, like Esua and Jacob, they have striven together in the womb. Now they are born, and that feud has begun, which shall drive one or the other to the wilderness. To attempt to settle a radical opposition of policy by easing off the rub here and there, leaving the great principles in full vigour, is as if one should hang fenders and sand-bags alongside of the hostile ships that come crushing together, instead of putting the helm about and going another tack. 'Slavery is right,' and 'Slavery is wrong,' 'Slavery shall live,' 'Slavery shall die,' 'Slavery shall extend,' 'Slavery shall not extend;' are these conflicts to be settled by any mode of parceling out certain territories? Now the battle rages at one point; by-and-by it will rage at another.

"These oppugnant elements, Slavery and Liberty, inherent in our political system, animating our Constitution, checkering our public policy, breeding in statesmen opposite principles of government, and making our whole wisdom of public legislation on many of the greatest questions cross-eyed and contradictory—these elements are seeking each other's life. One or the other must die.

"Let no man suppose that the contentions which now agitate the land have sprung from the rash procedure of a few men—the hot-heads either of the North or the South. We are in the midst of a collision, not of men, but of principles and political institutions. The inevitable course of affairs has been developing the results for which provision was made, first in the organization of society, and then in the structure of the Constitution. No harvest ever answered more closely to the husbandman's seed than do our difficulties to the original sowing."

LUCRETIA MOTT IN KENTUCKY.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.

MAYSVILLE, Tuesday, Oct. 18, 1853.

BELIEVING that you feel an interest in all the great reform movements of the day, I sit down to write to you upon the reception accorded to Lucretia Mott by the citizens of this place, on Sunday, the 16th inst. Among slaveholding communities it has hitherto been very unusual for females to address large audiences upon the exciting public topics of the day. It was, therefore with surprise that the announcement was made, on Saturday, that this celebrated Anti-Slavery, Woman's Rights Advocate would address our citizens. At the appointed hour, men and women of all classes came out to hear her. The large Court House in this city was packed to its densest capacity. Her mild and amiable looking husband was on the stand beside her. His head and face are noble and striking. When Lucretia came forward to speak, curiosity had been roused to the utmost. She spoke for about an hour and a half, holding an immense audience enchained. She presented views bold, startling and, at least to this community, original. No crying evil of the day escaped exposure and condemnation. Slavery was spoken of freely, as a curse to the master and the slave, and as a stain upon the honour of the Republic.

Her manner of speech was mild, winning and attractive. Her discourse gave strong evidence of the fact that woman, when she is qualified properly, has a right to be heard in public assemblages. From the misrepresentations of the Press, our people had expected to see a sour, disappointed-looking woman, who, if the truth was fully known, was unhappy in her domestic relations. Her own appearance and that of her husband at once gave strong presumptive evidence of a quiet, happy life. Every auditor—even the strongest pro-slavery man—listened with attention, if not with conviction. This fact vindicates the people of Kentucky from the charge too frequently made against them, either malignantly or ignorantly, at the North, that they are unwilling to have the characteristics of their "peculiar institution" discussed. Mrs. Mott, in a mild tone, but in words of unmeasured compass, denounced it as a wrong and outrage upon the rights of humanity.

She addressed the people at night again, upon the subject of Woman's Rights. As large an audience was in attendance there as during the day. She presented, in her eloquent way, many new views of women's duties and rights; her correlative rights. Her appearance among us has elicited much comment, and a strong desire to hear more upon all the topics she discussed. She stated that Lucy Stone would pay us a visit, and pronounced a high eulogium upon her moral worth and talents. Altogether, her visit has doubtless been productive of much good, both to her and to our people. It has served to show her that Kentuckians are not so violently opposed to discussion upon Slavery as she had been led to believe. She has learned, moreover, that women here, no matter how novel or strange their pretensions, are treated with great kindness and attention. While on the other hand, the minds of our people have been disabused of the gross exaggerations concerning her life and character, which have been made by the public press. Both parties seemed to separate mutually satisfied and delighted.

If Lucy Stone should visit us, I will send you an account of her reception. MAYSVILLE.

CONDITION OF THE FUGITIVE SLAVES IN CANADA.

THE editor of the Dundee (N. Y.) *Record* has lately been making a tour through Canada, in course of which he visited a large number of fugitive slaves, at their residences, and conversed freely with them on their condition and prospects. The tone of their remarks generally was that of dissapointment at the reception they met, and the estimation in which they were held in the country where they were sojourning. The inhabitants, they allege, neglect no opportunity to defraud them, and render their situation uncomfortable. Three declared that were it not for fear of punishment, and being sold to Texas and Mississippi slave-dealers, they would gladly return to their "old plantations," and spend the remainder of their days with their old masters, where they were more happy and lived easier than they do now. One expressed his determination to return to his mistress in North Carolina, as soon as he could get money enough to do so, and run the risk of punishment; but as he had got a friend to write to his mistress, asking pardon, and begging for a passage ticket home, he felt in hope he should get back to the "North State" before cold weather set in.

The fact is, says the Madison *Courier*, the above is a most one-sided view of the case, as we learn from one who hails from that country. A majority of the fugitives in Canada are contented and happy. The editor of the *Record* has permitted the negroes of Canada to have some "picking" out of him; they "gripped" him, as the boys say. If the Dundee editor should make another "tour in Canada" some years hence, he might find that same "Old North State" boy ready as ever to "go back to missus," and perhaps the sly rogue would not object to borrow a few shillings from his Dundee friend, to help him "on his winding way" to "the Old North State," to resume the habiliments of the "Divine Institution." This is not the first instance in which a Yankee has been "sold" in Canada.

It cannot be denied, however, that many of the worthless, dissipated and vicious among the fugitives are in a miserable condition; but this is the result of their habits, not of a state of *liberty*. White people of the same quality are no better off in Canada or anywhere else. There is, it cannot be denied, much prejudice against colour over there, and many oppose an immigration that brings no capital into the provinces, but, then, there is the "Elgin Association," with its thousands of acres of good land, ready to receive and provide for any number of fugitives, help them to homes, educate and instruct them in freemen's prerogatives. If the Dundee editor visited the negro settlements in Essex and Kent, his own eyes convinced him that the "three or four" idle and lazy fellows he met and took items of were perpetrating a trick upon a traveller.—*Sparta* (*Ill.*) *Journal.*

FREE-LABOUR MOVEMENT.

WE (London *Anti-Slavery Reporter*) extract the following, from the last number of the *Slave*, published (as probably most of our readers know) by the Newcastle Ladies's Anti-Slavery Society. The letter was addressed to the Editor of this useful though unpretending publication.

"MANCHESTER, Aug. 18, 1853.

"You are aware that the greatest difficulty we have had to encounter, in carrying out the 'Free-labour Movement,' has been the getting the free-grown cotton made into yarn. The trouble of keeping it separate is greatest in the spinning. When once it is spun, there is very little danger of its being mixed, unless wilfully; and this we guard against by getting the cloth made by conscientious men. The trouble of keeping it separate in the spinning was so great, that we could get but very few manufacturers to undertake to make the yarn; we have, therefore, to overcome this difficulty, arranged with a trustworthy spinner (whom you know) to put down two new spinning machines, or rather to advance the money for them, at interest, in a spare space in his mill. The machinery thus arranged for is upon the most improved principle, and is to be employed upon the spinning of free-grown cotton; the cost of the machines is £200: they will be at work upon the remaining six bales of free-grown American cotton the beginning of next week. We are, by this, placed in a position to supply a much greater variety of goods, as, with those machines, we will be able to get the most useful yarns made, by which we will have prints, long cloths, tapes, a better class of grey calico, 3-cord sewing cotton, and a great variety of other articles, as far as the supply of free-grown cotton will allow. At present, we have no regular supply of long-stapled cotton suitable for finer muslins and 6-cord sewings, than we have already produced; but, occasionally, we have some from the West Indies. The machines are made so that they will spin both the coarse and the finer yarns. To take advantage of our favourable position, to make this movement effective, and to answer the demand for free-labour goods from the friends of the slave, we must have the capital employed extended, that we may give a *bona fide* order for cotton, and not require our friend in the States to advance the money for the purchase of cotton—in fact, he declines doing so any more; and, also, that we may be able to secure any other free-labour cotton coming into the market, and get such made into goods. The time has now come when the free-labour capital, instead of being under £1,000, should be, at the least, £3,000; without an enlarged capital the movement will be a failure. To those acquainted with manufacturing, it is quite unnecessary to state that it would not pay a manufacturer to turn his attention to the making of a few pieces of any one particular kind of goods; the trouble and expense of altering his machinery would more than counterbalance any profit he might have by the transaction: it will, therefore, follow, that to have a much greater variety of articles, there must be a much larger stock; and while there is a much greater demand, there must be capital to pay for the stock to meet that demand. You are aware that, although we give a great portion of our time and attention to the movement, we cannot direct the capital connected with our regular business to this.

"We will be happy to receive any loans of any amount, upon the same terms as formerly, towards the increase of the free-labour capital.* We have made arrangements, to-day, with a very excellent man, to make a variety of goods, such as domestics, printing cloths, light and heavy shirtings, &c., &c. We have had four bales of excellent West India cotton consigned to our house; but, for want of the 'sinews of war,' do not feel justified in purchasing them for the movement.

"We are, dear friend, yours truly,
JOSIAS F. BROWNE & CO.

"It is curious," remark the editors of the *Slave*, "to observe how exactly this letter agrees with the following extract from the letter of an American correspondent, which we opened at the same time:

'I have a settled conviction that the movement, to succeed in a way that will be satisfactory to its friends, must be managed *by its friends* by *concert* of action, everything being conducted so as to inspire entire confidence in the integrity of the articles as really the exclusive products of free labour. I deemed it best, therefore, that our friends and *reliable* coadjutors in England should choose *whom* they will take into the field of labour.

'There need be no difficulty in procuring as much free-labour cotton as we shall require for a long time, if arrangements can be made to pay for it, and hold it till the manufacturers whom we employ can take it off our hands. If a capital of ten or twenty thousand dollars, or more, could be commanded for that purpose, either actually subscribed and held in trust for that object, or a credit obtained from some responsible individual or institution, whose credit would be a guarantee for drafts drawn upon them by the agent here, who should be selected to purchase the cotton; or, if some cotton dealer should be willing to provide the means, and attend to the purchase and sale, he being guaranteed against loss by fall in price, to a limited extent, by a fund provided for that purpose, either mode might answer.

'I fear J. F. Browne & Co. have not capital enough in their business to enable them to attend to getting goods manufactured to supply the free-labour demand.

* "The capital, already in J. F. Browne & Co.'s hands has been raised in loans of £25 each, bearing interest at 4 per cent. In some instances, two of these loans have been kindly advanced by the same individual."

I have suffered very great disappointments in regard to orders put under their care, besides being a serious loss to me in my business But the most serious effect has been to discourage the consumers. I do not mean to complain of our esteemed friends, J. F. B. & Co., but merely to query whether whether there is any remedy possible to us.—*Philadelphia*, 7 *mo.* 29, 1853."

"We wish," continue the editors, "very seriously to commend the above to the attention of our readers. Again and again have we been asked by the secretaries of free-labour societies, and by various parties deeply interested in the cause, 'BUT WHAT CAN WE DO TO HELP IT FORWARD?' An onward course is now open to all such inquiries, and the difficulties of the case are exceedingly lessened.

"The writer of the last letter is George W. Taylor, the agent of the Free-labour Depot in Philadelphia, a most faithful and upright friend of the slave. It will be observed, he clearly refers to the absence of any insuperable difficulty in procuring American free cotton. This is spoken advisedly, and with a full knowledge of the subject. Truly welcome is good free-cotton from West Africa, or any one of the British colonies; from the West India islands or British India; from Australia or Natal; but this cotton is slow in coming in, and often very difficult to be procured. In the meantime, *there is* available free-cotton, on the small farms, cultivated by free-labour only, which are scattered up and down the slave States of America, and this cotton can be procured through the agency of trustworthy individuals. Let these be supplied with the necessary means, and they will forthwith be prepared for the effort; not for a distant one, but for immediately gathering the desired cotton from the pods of the free-grown cotton plants which are already in bloom.

"Our readers will, by this time, understand that the great remedy for our difficulty is *money*. The warehousemen in Manchester do not feel themselves called upon to withdraw capital from their leading business (that of shipping goods of various descriptions to South America and the East and West Indies), for the purpose of embarking it in the much-less-remunerative branch of free-labour manufactures.

"Our own view would be to increase the little capital at present in their hands to £2,000, by raising 40 or 50 more of the £25 loans, and to raise, in addition, a guarantee fund £250, to protect our American fellow-labourers from loss in sending us their cotton, according to the second proposition of our friend, G. W. Taylor. The latter fund should be deposited in some safe bank, only to be called for when an actual loss can be proved. For ourselves, we feel that we have begged as much as we are warranted in doing; but those of our coadjutors, who are anxious to effect something for the movement, may be assured that they can do nothing more effective than to assist in raising these £25 loans. The interest of those already in the hands of J. F. B. & Co. has been regularly and cheerfully paid, and we feel persuaded that they will have pleasure, at any time, in giving information to subscribers as to how the capital is occupied, and what are their prospects for the future."

FREDRIKA BREMER ON SLAVERY.

From 'Homes of the New World.'

MISSOURI—SEPARATION OF FAMILIES.

Missouri is a slave State. But it seems at this moment to maintain the institution of Slavery rather out of bravado than from any belief in its necessity. It has no products which might not be cultivated by white labourers, as its climate does not belong to the hot South. Missouri also sells its slaves assiduously "down South."

"Are you a Christian?" inquired I from a young handsome mulatto woman who waited on me here.

"No, Missis, I am not."

"Have you not been baptized? Have you not been taught about Christ?"

"Yes, Missis, I have a godmother, a negro woman, who was very religious, and who instructed me."

"Do you not believe what she told you about Christ?"

"Yes, Missis; but I don't *feel* it here, Missis," and she laid her hand on her breast.

"Where were you brought up?"

"A long way from here, up the Missouri, Missis; a long way off!"

"Were your owners good to you?"

"Yes, Missis; they never gave me a bad word."

"Are you married?"

"Yes, Missis; but my husband is a long way off with his master."

"Have you any children?"

"I have had six, Missis, but have not a single one left. Three are dead, and they have sold the other three away from me. When they took from me the last little girl, oh, I believed I never should have got over it! It almost broke my heart!"

And they were so-called Christians who did that! It was not wonderful that she, the negro slave, had a difficulty in *feeling* Christianity, that she could not feel herself a Christian. What a life! Bereaved of husband, children, of all that she had, without any prospect of an independent existence; possessed of nothing on the face of the earth; condemned to toil, toil, toil, without hope of reward or day of rest; why should it be strange if she became stupid or indifferent, nay, even hostile and bitter in her feelings toward those in whose power she is—they who call themselves her protectors, and yet who robbed her of her all? Even of that last little girl, that youngest, dearest, only child!

This pagan institution of Slavery leads to transactions so inconsistent, so inhuman, that sometimes, in this country, this Christian, liberal America, it is a difficult thing for me to believe them possible, difficult to comprehend how it can be a reality, and not a dream! it is so difficult for me to realize it.

Missouri, as well as Arkansas, has a deal of heathenism, and a deal of wild, uncultivated land still. Civilization is as yet at its commencement in these States, and Slavery retards its progress as with strong fetters. Fights and bloody duels are of frequent occurrence among the white population. Bowie-knives and pistols belong to the wardrobe of a man, especially when travelling in the State. Besides, he must be continually prepared to meet with those unprincipled fortune-hunters who hasten from Europe and the Eastern States (the prodigal sons of those countries) into the West to find there a freer scope for their savage passions.

FUGITIVES—THEMES FOR ROMANCE.

Ohio is, as you know, a free State, and exactly on the opposite side of the beautiful river which bears its name lies the slave State of Kentucky, and slaves flying across the river to reach a free shore were heard of formerly as an every-day occurrence. Now such a flight avails nothing to the poor slaves. They are pursued and recaptured as well in a free as in a slave State.

I have heard histories of the flight of slaves which are full of the most intense interest, and I cannot conceive why these incidents do not become the subjects of romances and novels in the literature of this country. I know no subject which could furnish opportunities for more heart-rending or more picturesque descriptions and scenes. The slaves, for example, who fly "the way of the North Star," as it is called, who know no other road to liberty than the road toward the North, who wander on by night when it shines, and conceal themselves by day in the deep forests, where sometimes gentle Friends (Quakers) carry out food to them, without which they would probably perish: this journey, with its dangers and its anticipations, its natural scenery and its nocturnal guiding star—what subjects are here for the pen of genius! Add to this the converse, the agony or the joy of warm, loving, suffering human hearts—in short, here are subjects of a higher romantic interest than are found in Chateaubriand's "Atala." I cannot understand why, in particular, noble-minded American women, American mothers who have hearts and genius, do not take up the subject, and treat it with a power which should pierce through bone and marrow, should reduce all the prudential maxims of Statesmen to dust and ashes, and produce a revolution even in the old widely-praised Constitution itself. It is the privilege of the woman and the mother which suffers most severely through Slavery. And if the heart of the woman, and the woman would heave warmly and strongly with maternal life's blood, I am convinced that the earth, the spiritual earth of the United States, must quake thereby and overthrow Slavery!

Often when I have heard the adventures of fugitive slaves, their successful escape or their destruction, and have thought of the natural scenery of America, and of these scenes which naturally suggest themselves on "the way of the North Star," I have had a wish and a longing desire to write the history of a fugitive pair, so as it seems to me it ought to be written, and I have been inclined to collect materials for that purpose. And if I lived by this river and amid these scenes, I know for what object I should then live. But as it is, I am deficient in local knowledge. I am not sufficiently acquainted with the particular detail of circumstances, which would be indispensable for such a delineation, which ought to be true, and to take a strong hold upon the reader. That office belongs to others besides myself. I will hope for and expect—the *American mother.*

RELIGIOUS CHARACTERISTICS OF THE BLACKS.

The progress of Christianity is much more considerable among the negro race. The doctrine of the Saviour comes to the negro slaves as their most inward need, and as the accomplishment of the wishes of their souls. They themselves enunciate it with the purest joy. Their ardent, sensitive being obtains from this its most beautiful transfiguration. The ability of these people for prayer is something peculiar, and quite unusual. Their prayers burst forth into flame as they ascend to heaven. The children of the warm sun will yet teach us by their prayers the might of prayer.

When I see those frolicsome negro children in their school sit down like white children on benches and before desks, I am quite distressed. I am convinced that these children ought to learn their lessons standing, or dancing amid games and songs, and that their divine worship ought to be conducted with singing and dancing; and I will answer for it, that their songs and dances would have more life, beauty and intelligence in them than those of the Shaker community. But who shall teach them thus? None but a negro can teach the negroes, and only one of their own people can become the deliverer of the people in the highest sense. But this captive Israel yet waits for its Moses.

* * * * * *

But if anything can awake within them a more comprehensive feeling for the whole people, it is assuredly that common Slavery on the soil of America, and perhaps, more than anything else at this moment, the bill which allows the recapture of fugitive slaves. I awoke to this thought to-day during a visit to a free negro church, where I had no occasion to lament any want of interest in the national affairs, either in the negro preacher or the congregation.

I had in the forenoon visited a negro Baptist Church belonging to the Episcopal creed. There were but few present, and they of the negro aristocracy of the city. The mode of conducting the divine service was quiet, very proper, and a little tedious. The hymns were beautifully and exquisitely sung. The sermon, which treated of "Love without dissimulation; how hard to win, how impossible without the influence of God and the communication of his power," was excellent. The preacher was a fair mulatto, with the features and demeanour of the white race, a man of very good intellect and conversational power, with whom I had become already acquainted in my Cincinnati home.

In the afternoon I went to the African Methodist Church in Cincinnati, which is situated in the African quarter. In this district live the greater number of the free coloured people of the city: and the quarter bears the traces thereof. The streets and the houses have, it is true, the Anglo-American regularity; but broken windows and rags hanging from them, a certain neglected, disorderly aspect, both of houses and streets, testified of negro management. I found in the African Church African ardour and African life. The church was full to overflowing, and the congregation sang their own hymns. The singing ascended and poured forth like a melodious torrent, and the heads, feet, and elbows, of the congregation moved all in unison with it, amid evident enchantment and delight in the singing, which was in itself exquisitely pure and full of melodious life.

The hymns and psalms which the negroes have themselves composed have a peculiar *naive* character, childlike, full of imagery and life. Here is a specimen of one of their popular church hyms:

"What ship is this that 's landed at the shore?
Oh, glory halleluiah!
It 's the old ship of Zion, halleluiah,
It 's the old ship of Zion, halleluiah;
Is the mast all sure, and the timber all sound?
Oh, glory halleluiah!
She 's built of gospel timber, halleluiah,
She 's built, &c.

"What kind of men does she have on board?
Oh, glory halleluiah!
They 're all true-hearted soldiers, halleluiah,
They 're all, &c.

"What kind of Captain does she have on board?
Oh, glory halleluiah!
King Jesus is the Captain, halleluiah,
King Jesus, &c.

"Do you think she will be able to land us on the shore?
Oh, glory halleluiah!
I think she will be able, halleluiah,
I think, &c.

"She has landed over thousands, and can land as many more,
Oh, glory, halleluiah!" &c. &c.

After the singing of the hymns, which was not led by any organ or musical instrument whatever, but which arose like burning melodious sighs from the breasts of the congregation, the preacher mounted the pulpit. He was a very black negro, young, with a very retracting forehead, and the lower portion of the countenance protruding; upon the whole, not at all good-looking. But when he began to speak, the congregation hung upon his words, and I could not but admire his flowing eloquence. He admonished the assembly to reflect on the present need of their brethren; to pray for the fugitive slaves, who must now, in great multitudes, leave their acquired homes, and seek a shelter out of the country against legal violence and legal injustice. He exhorted them also to pray for that nation which, in its blindness, would pass such laws and oppress the innocent! This exhortation was received with deep groans and lamenting cries.

After this the preacher drew a picture of the death of "Sister Bryant," and related the history of her beautiful Christian devotion, and applied to her the words of the Book of Revelation, of those "who come out of great afflictions." The intention of suffering on earth, the glorious group of the children of suffering in their release, and thanksgiving song as represented in so divine and grand a manner in the pages of Scripture, were placed by the negro preacher in the light as of noonday, and as I had never before heard from the lips of any ordinary ministers. After this the preacher nearly lost himself in the prayer for the sorrowing widower and his children, and their "little blossoming souls." Then came the sermon proper.

The preacher proposed to the congregation the question, "Is God with us?" "I speak of our nation, my brethren," said he; "I regard our nationality. Let us examine the matter." And with this he drew a very ingenious parallel between the captivity of the Israelites in Egypt and the negroes in America, and those trials by which Providence evinced His especial solicitude about the chosen people. After having represented the fate of the Israelites under Pharaoh and Moses, he went on to contemplate the fate of the negro people.

"How shall we know that God is with us? Let us look at the question thus."

He then boldly sketched out a picture of an enslaved people as oppressed in every way, but not the less "increasing in numbers and improving themselves, purchasing their own freedom from Slavery (cries of 'yes! yes!' 'Oh, glory!' throughout the church); purchasing land (shouts of joy); ever more and more land (increasing shouts); buying houses, large houses, larger and still larger houses (increasing jubilation and stamping of feet); building churches (still louder cries); still more and larger churches (louder and still louder cries, movement, stamping of feet, and clapping of hands); the people increasing still in number, in property, in prosperity, and in understanding, so that the rulers of the land began to be terrified, and to say, 'They are becoming too strong for us; let us send them over to Liberia (violent fermentation and excitement)!' This, then, will show us, my brethren that God is with us. Let us not forsake Him; for He will lead us out of captivity, and make of us a great people (extreme delight and joy, with the cry of 'Amen!' 'Yes, yes!' 'Oh, glory!' and so on). The whole congregation was for several minutes like a stormy sea. The preacher's address had been a rushing tempest of natural eloquence. I doubt, however, whether his patriotism extended much beyond the moment of inspiration and of his pulpit; he was not a new Moses. Old Moses was slow of speech; he was a man of action.

This preacher was, however, the first negro from whom I had heard any distinct sentiment of nationality. The bill against fugitive slaves must mind what it is about, and what it may lead to.

THE SLAVE *vs.* THE MASTER.—A case of great interest was decided in the Covington Circuit Court yesterday. We have been at some difficulty in obtaining the facts, which are as follows: Sam Norris, a coloured man, has been living in Covington about five years, has married a free coloured woman, and has had by her several children, He belongs to a Mr. Mr. J. N. Patton, of Virginia, who permitted him to come to Covington and engage in whatever service he thought proper, on condition that Sam would pay him, out of his earnings,, a stipulated sum per annum, we believe about $100. The surplus, whatever it might be, was to belong to the slave. Sam was punctual for several years. He was sober and industrious, and, in his humble way, very prosperous. About two years ago, Mr. Patton came west on a visit, and agreed with Sam that if he would pay him the sum of $400, within four years, that he would give him his freedom. Sam gratefully accepted the proposal, and at once paid down, out of his hard earnings $135, and has since given his master some $40 or $50 more.

Patton now comes forward to rescind the contract and claim his slave. The case was yesterday decided by the Hon. Judge Pryor, in favour of Patton. In delivering his decision, his Honour stated the following facts:

1st. That the laws of Kentucky recognise but two modes of liberating slaves, by will and by deeds of emancipation.

2d. That a slave cannot make a contract.

3. That the contract was executory, and the time fixed for the negro's freedom future and contingent.

4th. That so long as Sam was a slave, the master was entitled to his services, and the money he (Patton) had received was in law his own.

The opinion was able and elaborate, and the authorities numerous and decided. His Honour characterised the case as one of great *hardship and cruelty*, and every one in the court-room seemed to sympathize deeply with the poor negro. The case, we understand, has been appealed to the Supreme Court of the State.—*Cincinnati Commercial, 22d. ult.*

SERVED HIM RIGHT.—On Saturday, a coloured man, supposed to be in the employ of Southern slave-catchers, made his advent in that part of our village known as Slabtown, where the majority of our coloured citizens reside. He went from house to house, and it was apparent that he was in search of some one. The coloured inhabitants understood that he was looking for fugitives, and three or four of them made made an onslaught on the tool of the slave-catchers, giving him a whipping he will long remember, and would have killed him had not several more discreet coloured men timely interfered. The slave-catching coloured man left town on the first train out, and has not been heard of since.—*Elmira Republican.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, New York.

Donations to the Treasury of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY may be forwarded to FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer, at Boston; or to SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, New York.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1853.

Second Decade Anniversary
OF THE
FORMATION
OF THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

IT is almost twenty years since the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY was organized by a Convention held for that purpose in the City of Philadelphia. How eventful is the history of the Society and of our country during this period! The Society, faithful in a good degree to the great principles on which, as upon the Everlasting Rock, it was so wisely founded, has gone forward steadily and fearlessly in its work of exposing the sinfulness of Slavery and its dire effects upon the pecuniary prosperity, the political relations, and the moral character of the Nation, and demanding, as the right of the slave and the duty of the master, Immediate and Unconditional Emancipation. Happy would it have been for our country, and O how happy for those who now pine in bondage! if the voice thus lifted up in the name of Justice and Liberty had been heeded and obeyed. But, alas! the American People, like Pharaoh of old, hardened their hearts, refusing to obey the mandate of Jehovah, and practically demanding, "Who is the Lord, that we should obey his voice, to let our bondmen go? We know not the Lord, neither will we let our bondmen go." The area of Slavery has been immensely increased by iniquitous legislation and at the expense of a bloody and atrocious war; the number of slaves has augmented from two and a half to nearly four millions; and the Slave Power exults in the enactment of a new statute for the recovery of fugitive bondmen—a statute worthy of the spirit of Caligula and Draco, and disgraceful alike to our professions of Republicanism, Civilization and Christianity. Each advancing step in the progress of the Society has revealed a still "lower deep" of national corruption and profligacy, until both Church and State are shown to be utterly defiled by the dark spirit of Slavery, and the Constitution so contaminated as to leave no alternative to the friends of freedom but to repudiate its obligations or renounce their allegiance to God.

But notwithstanding these developments of national profligacy, we are far from being discouraged. Indeed, we see in these developments a sure sign of progress and a pledge of final success. We have compelled Slavery to exhibit itself in its true character before mankind; we have succeeded in fixing upon its hideous features the steady gaze of the whole civilized world; we have formed a nucleus around which is gathering, surely if not as rapidly as we could wish, a MORAL POWER which will ere long prove itself too mighty to be successfully resisted. We now know, as we did not at first, the heightg and depth, the length and breadth of the evil which we are struggling to overthrow, and this knowledge is an important preparation for the work that remains to be done. Profiting by the experience of the past, and having a never-failing source of encouragement in the consciousness that our cause is just, and that God and Truth are on our side, we must go forward, regardless of every obstacle, and undismayed by every danger that may beset our path.

In accordance with the vote of the Society at its last Annual Meeting, we hereby invite its members and friends to assemble in Sansom Street Hall, Philadelphia, on Saturday, Sunday and Monday, December 3d, 4th and 5th, to celebrate the Twentieth Anniversary of its Formation. The meeting will open on the first day above named at 10 o'clock, A. M. We hope to see a representation of friends of the cause from every free State, and that, by the presence and labours of many eloquent champions of freedom, the meeting may be instrumental in strengthening the Anti Slavery Sentiment of the country and hastening the day when Liberty shall be proclaimed throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof.

By order of the Executive Committee.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, *Pres.*

EDMUND QUINCY, }
SYDNEY H. GAY, } *Cor. Secretaries.*

WENDELL PHILLIPS, *Rec. Secretary.*

☞ Papers friendly to the Society are requested to copy the above notice.

NEW YORK POLITICS.

IT is said in Scripture that "Great is the Mystery of Godliness!" It is undoubtedly great, especially as expounded in this country. For it is certainly a great Mystery how the whipping, branding and shooting of men and women who object to being worked to death, and the returning them to these conditions, if they have been lucky enough to escape from them, it is a Mystery, we say, how these things are reconciled with a pure and undefiled Religion. And, yet more, the abolition of marriage by law and the denial by the same authority of the knowledge of that Religion. This is the Mystery of American Godliness. But, then, we have tens of thousands of ordained ministers, of almost every sect and name, whose business and duty it is to make this clear and level to the meanest capacities. So that we may hope that even we may come to understand it, in the fullness of time. But this was not what we were going to say. We meant to say that, great as is the Mystery of American Godliness, it is not a circumstance (if a little slang may be permitted in treating of a subject which can hardly be treated of without it) to the Mysteries of New York Politics. To be sure, they can hardly be regarded as a Mystery of Godliness of any sort. They are, rather, we apprehend, a Mystery of Iniquity. But mysterious they are, past the finding out of the profane vulgar.

The mysterious names, significant of much to the initiated, doubtless, but which strike the exoterics standing only in the vestibule of the Temple as only grotesque and ridiculous, are what first appal the curious inquirer. Why should the consistent friends of the American Union, whose hearts are divided between the love of Liberty and of Negro-catching, be denominated *Hunkers!* Is it to show that they identify themselves with the Swinish Multitude? Or doth it merely typify the instinct which teaches them to lie down and roll in the dirt—which is the interpretation, as we understand it, of the specific name of "*National*," whether applied to Whigs or Democrats? And, then, those who are denounced, in spite of all reclamations and protestations, as being more slack in their love for negro-catching—why should they be called Barnburners? Whose barns have they burned? And the *Pewter-muggers!* What are they? The mind of Bacon or of Newton would stagger under the task of comprehending these mysteries of New York Nature; while Cuvier or Agassiz would faint in the attempt to reduce to their scientific places the conchological varieties it affords. Hard Shells and Soft Shells! What is the distinction between ye! Is it anything more than the musical discord between Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee, or the arithmetical difference which distinguishes *Six* from *Half-a-dozen?* Are these diversities which can be expounded and made clear to common eyes, or do they belong to those minute philosophies, of which it hath been said that

"Optics keen it needs, I ween,
To see—what is not to be seen"?

There is one comfort, however, in the midst of all these conflicts. There is one glimpse of light to cheer us on our way through this "palpable obscure." And that is, whatever may be the meaning of these cabalistic terms, and whatever the objects of the parties expressed by them, at any rate, THE UNION IS SAFE! The *Herald*, indeed, and the Hards generally, affirm that the Softs are in league with the Sewardites and the Garrisonians, and that their nefarious purpose is to shatter this Glorious Union; that, not content with burning Barns, they are ready to apply the incendiary torch, like

"The youth who fired the Ephesian dome,"

to the Temple of the Constitution, and to reduce the entire Nation to a heap of undistinguished ashes. But we must protest against this as unjust and uncalled for. We Abolitionists are always on the *qui vive* for friends. We are often taken in through the readiness with which we take the paper promises of profession for the hard coin of principle. We are looking out continually for helpers, and never refuse any that come even in a questionable shape. But we do solemnly affirm that we have never claimed the Softs or the Sewardites as part and parcel of ourselves. The *Herald* and the Hards do them honour overmuch when they put those gentlemen into our company. They don't ride in our troop. And we beg, in the spirit of the profoundest respect, to include in this certification the President of the United States. Had Solomon continued to these days, he would not have said there is no new thing under the sun. For have we not lived to hear President Pierce called an Abolitionist! And even Slaveholding itself could not save Secretary Guthrie from the same black imputation. We purge these gentlemen from this accusation. We earnestly hope their usefulness will not be impaired thereby. If required, we engage to furnish an authenticated denial of it on the part of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

But there is instructive wisdom hid under all these things, as under all others. Wisdom never ceases crying aloud, even in the streets, though no man regard her. It is certainly an observable thing that when a party of political banditti have succeeded in knocking down and plundering our rich, though rather disreputable, Uncle Samuel, and are quarreling over their booty, it is noticeable, we say, what names they call each other. The vocabulary of Billingsgate is not only rich and various, but expressive. The terms which fly backward and forward over the fish-baskets mean something. They show what the parties using them consider the most opprobrious. So the term "*Abolitionist*," applied by one portion of the Democrats to the other, shows what is looked upon as the most injurious that can be used against an antagonist. And what a development of national character is to be seen in it! For what is an Abolitionist? One who is endeavouring to extend to every inhabitant of the country what these very Hunkers are most vociferous for, in their own case; one who believes in the Declaration of Thomas Jefferson and the Gospel of Jesus Christ

("———— Powers
Eternal! Such names mingled!"),

and is endeavouring to make them the rule of individual and national life. And this is the name which is banded backward and forward from one bully to another, as the one that will affix the deepest stigma! This it shows. But it shows another thing. And that is, that the mission of the Abolitionist is seen and felt, and that his hand is discerned troubling the waters of politics and stirring that Public Opinion which is the element on which politicians needs must ride or sink.

And there is another phase of this matter which is not only instructive, but delightful. It is delightful to two very opposite parties, who seldom take pleasure in the same thing, but who are here agreed. There is nothing that gives a Slaveholder such dear delight as kicking a political spaniel that has been fawning on him and rolling in the mud at his feet; and there is nothing (of the kind) that an Abolitionist so much delights to look upon. Witness the way in which the Slaveholders treated Mr. Webster, on the ever-memorable Twenty-First of June. We think it would be hard to say who enjoyed the doings of that day the most, the Slaveholders or the Abolitionists. It was deeply delicious to both. And so it is in New York, now. The Hunkers have been exalting their horn as the most trusty allies of the South. *They* have never faltered in their allegiance to Slavery. *They* have never held back their hand from slave-catching. They were the people, and not only wisdom but patriotism would die with them. When President Pierce came into power, as the selected tool of Slavery, they expected that they would be the favourite children; that the children's food would not be cast to the dogs of Barnburners; that those sorry curs would have to be content with the crumbs that fell from their master's table—if, indeed, they were not kicked out altogether and reduced to lick the sores of the beggars at the gate. But they experienced the gratitude of tyrants. The submissions of the Barnburners were counted to them for righteousness. They had their full share of the fatted calf, and their elder brothers were angry at the partiality, and, though they did not absolutely refuse to go in, they grumbled that they, who had, so many years, served Slavery, neither at any time transgressed its commandment, should not have the whole. The President and Cabinet stand by the Barnburners. Collector Bronson's head falls, as an example to recusant office-holders. The Slaveholders sustain the President. They will enjoy the snubbing and the drubbing of their most servile sycophants—and so shall we.—Q.

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Editorial Correspondence.

NORRISTOWN, Oct. 26.

THE Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society is just closing its Sixteenth Annual Meeting in this place. And though not signalized by the attendance of any distinguished advocates of the cause from other States, and the numbers present are not as great as in some former years, the meeting has nevertheless been a very cheering one.

Norristown is one of the most flourishing, as well as one of the most beautiful, towns in this great Commonwealth. It lies upon the east bank of the Schuylkill, and is a little less than 20 miles from Philadelphia, with which place it is connected by an excellent Railroad. On the opposite bank passes the Railroad connecting Philadelphia with Reading and the great Alleghany Coal region; while the Chester Valley Railroad, already opened as far West as Downingtown, connects at this point with the Norristown and Philadelphia Road. The Schuylkill is also the channel of an extensive business. The country for thirty miles around, embracing portions of Montgomery, Bucks, Chester, Delaware, Berks, and Philadelphia Counties, includes the very richest farming region in the whole State. It is no wonder, therefore, that Norristown is prosperous, and that its real estate is rapidly augmenting in value. There are also several excellent and very popular schools here—one very extensive for Girls, and another for Boys, under the direction of SAMUEL AARON, one of the best teachers in the whole country, and one of the noblest men with whom it has ever been my good fortune to become acquainted. He has, at present, more than one hundred Boys under his care; and if any of them ever become advocates of the lower law, it certainly will not be his fault. The people of Norristown are not only enterprising, but comparatively intelligent, and not so extensively blinded and led by the nose as the people of some other places. This was therefore a good place for such a meeting, though on some accounts less favourable than Westchester for convening a large number of the Abolitionists of Eastern Pennsylvania.

A sudden storm, which rendered travelling extremely uncomfortable, made the meeting quite small at first, but it has increased in numbers as well as interest at each succeeding session. JAMES MOTT, the venerable President of the Society, has occupied the chair for the most part, being occasionally relieved by B. C. BACON, Vice-President, and one of the earliest and most faithful Abolitionists in the country.

MARY GREW and CYRUS M. BURLEIGH are both absent on account of illness. Under these circumstances, I could not refuse to act as Recording Secretary—an onerous but exceedingly important post, involving as it did the duty of reporting the spirit of the proceedings. I regret to say that I see no prospect of obtaining slips of my report from the *Freeman* office in season for next week's *Standard*, as the largest portion of my notes must be written out in Chester County, whither I shall go as soon as the meeting closes.

JAMES MILLER MCKIM, having just returned from a visit to the other side of the Atlantic, was warmly greeted by his numerous friends. He has taken an active part in the discussions of the occasion, and given besides a very interesting account of his tour abroad, which will form a part of the official report of the proceedings.

MRS. MOTT, having recently returned from a tour at the West, has opened for our encouragement a budget of facts and experiences of a most encouraging nature. She gave us an account of labours performed in Washington County, N. Y., in Cincinnati and several other places; but, above all, she told us of her visit to Maysville, Ky., where she spoke, in the Court House, and to a crowded audience, as freely and unreservedly on the subject of Slavery as she ever did in any free State. She was invited to the place by Col. Stevenson, a distinguished citizen, who visited her in Philadelphia several months ago, and who, when he heard that she was coming, came out in one of the newspapers with a highly commendatory notice of her, inviting the people to give her a hearing. They did so, greatly to their credit as well as to their edification. The effects of this visit in removing or modifying prejudices naturally existing in a slaveholding community, and in awakening thought and earnest reflection, cannot be estimated; but that they are likely to be very great is sufficiently apparent from the fact that some of the best citizens of Maysville avowed their intention to send at once for LUCY STONE, that they might receive from her lips still more of the Gospel of Freedom.

SAMUEL AARON is a prominent member of the Free Democracy, but there lives not anywhere a more hearty or faithful Abolitionist. In the Baptist Church, of which he is a minister, in his School, and in every relation of life, he bears an outspoken testimony against Slavery, according to his highest convictions. He interprets the United States Constitution, I believe, after the manner of Gerrit Smith, and has more faith than I have in the efficacy of the ballot-box; but upon the moral and religious issues of the question, he is heartily and uncompromisingly with the old-fashioned Abolitionists, as his attendance and labours in this meeting, as well as on former occasions, have abundantly proved. I have rarely heard a more manly or eloquent speech than that which he made yesterday afternoon upon the Wilkesbarre Case, and the judicial proceedings which have been had thereupon. To some portions of his address, which seemed to justify a violent resistance to the Fugitive Slave Act, Mrs. Mott and myself felt constrained to reply; but his presence and co-operation were exceedingly pleasant, in spite of this drawback, to us all.

The Society has renewed, with increased emphasis, its testimony against the Satanic spirit of Colonization. A resolution expressing pleasure in view of the approaching Decade Celebration of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and urging the attendance of the friends of the cause in this State, has been heartily adopted.

Owing to the absence, for the last six months, of the General Agent, the Society's treasury is not as plethoric as could be desired, but the spirit with which the friends of the cause have taken hold of the work of raising funds is very encouraging.

——*Near Kennett Square, Oct. 26th.*—From Norristown I came hither, to attend a Quarterly Meeting of Progressive Friends, which has just closed. It was a very interesting and profitable occasion, the attention of the large assembly being occupied not in the discussion of theological abstractions, but in considering the great principles of righteousness and the duties which human beings owe to each other. This new Religious Society appears to be thoroughly imbued with the Anti-Slavery spirit. The approaching Decade Meeting of the American Society being mentioned, twelve delegates were promptly chosen to attend the same. O. J.

A SOUTHERN AID SOCIETY.

A NEW Association has been formed in this city under this somewhat dubious title. Southern aid heretofore has meant only one thing, and that is aid to Southern Slavery. The Association professes to have for its object "the diffusion of the Gospel truth at the South;" its end may really be one of those grim jokes, of which we, as a nation, are constantly guilty, but we are willing to believe that those who have formed the Society did not mean to perpetrate so terrible a sarcasm in its very title as an avowed intention to aid Slavery under the plea of a Gospel Mission. They do nevertheless frankly and openly promise not to meddle with the system, and that is only another way of giving it strength, so that the irony of their name is none the less because it was not intended.

The Association has issued a long address, the drift of which we gather from a report in the daily papers. Were it not for the caveat which it enters against even the insinuation of Abolitionism, and its promise of non-interference with the wrong that defies and sets at naught every principle and injunction of the Gospel, we might find some promise of real good in the labours of this new Society. Thus of the American Home Missionary Society, it says that it

"is restricted by its rules, from aiding any minister or missionary, however faithful, laborious or self-denying, who, under any circumstances, is a slaveholder. And secondly, the impression is general at the South, that the Home Missionary Society is closely allied to Abolitionism, so called. This impression, however erroneous, renders the aid afforded by that Society to churches in the Southern and South-Western States, of doubtful value in reference to success; insomuch that, in some cases where such aid had been rendered, it has been voluntarily relinquished by the recipients, needy though they were, as a damage rather than a benefit. While, therefore, we are convinced that the American Home Missionary Society, without a change of policy, is essentially unable, even if it were disposed, to perform our work, we desire still to cherish toward it the sentiments of kindness and good will, which, with some of us, date back to its organization, and even before; for some of us aided in its formation. Most of the members of the Southern Aid Society are, and long have been, supporters of the American Home Missionary Society; and some of them are among its largest contributors. They expect to aid it still. They rejoice in its efficient labours at the North and West, and hope, in some measure, to supply its lack of service at the South and Southwest. The *whole country* is our field. In so far as it is occupied by the American Home Missionary Society, we gladly co-operate. Where that Society pauses or falters, there the Southern Aid Society begins its separate action, and thence proceeds. Thus, between the two, if Providence smile upon our efforts, the *whole* of our beloved country will be cared for and aided, according to the measure of the benefactions of the churches."

Of course, then, the Southern Aid Society means to be more catholic than the Home Missionary Society, and in sending Missionaries among the benighted heathen, might possibly intend to make the slaveholders themselves the objects of their Gospel labours. If they would really and unequivocally announce this as their purpose, we could give them some important aid—at least of that cheap sort, advice. It would give us pleasure to make their Committee acquainted with Stephen S. Foster, and his wife Abby Kelly Foster, with Parker Pillsbury, and with Lucy Stone; and could they induce these persons, and others we could name, to go the South, there would be indeed a Mission worth having.

With its statement of the neglect of the Home Missionary Society of this field of labour, we are quite in unity. The address says:

"Without going further into particulars, is it extravagant or unkind to say that the A. H. M. S. is not accomplishing, in the Southern and South Western States, all that might be reasonably expected from its national designation—much less all that is demanded by the immensity of the field, 844,144 square miles, equal to 108 such States as Massachusetts, the greatness of its population (9,668,997 souls), or the magnitude of the interests involved, both for this world and the next? And if such be the fact, need we any apology before a Christian people for attempting, as God shall enable us, to occupy that most important and too long neglected missionary field."

With regard to their mode of operations they say: "The Southern Aid Society intend to deal with their Southern brethren in the confidence of Christian friendship. Reproach, calumny, and all sorts of injustice, have been tried upon the South for a quarter of a century, without any good results; the Southern Aid Society will try the opposite policy of kindness, sympathy, and co-operation in every good word and work. Let us treat our southern fellow-citizens and fellow-Christians with generous confidence—with fraternal appreciation; and see if this *more excellent way* will not prosper! If the benediction of God will not crown it, to his own glory and the good of all! Thus doing, we are fully persuaded that, through the counsel and concurrence of corresponding bodies at the South, our missionaries will be able to preach the Gospel in its power and purity, to every master and every slave who can be reached by any human instrumentality. If the Christian public will give us the necessary means, and the Lord add his blessing, we may hope for great results, ultimately, from the operations of this Society."

Certainly, let all possible kindness, sympathy and co-operation be extended to Southern Christians—when they can be found; but towards the Heathen themselves, to these should be added that plainness of speech, which though it is, may not always seem, kind, which shuns not the sinner in portraying the sin.

But is there no other class at the South but that of slaveholders? Hear the address:

"Have the *Slave* population no claim upon us? What have *they* done that we may not sustain a faithful ministry in teaching them the way of salvation? May we not send them missionaries without accompanying our benevolence with such measures as shall suggest a doubt to the people whether we are content to seek their conversion with the simplicity of the early Christians? Need we have the least apprehension lest the regenerating and purifying influence of the Scriptures should fail of its proper action upon the best interests of all—the servants, the masters, the Church and the State?

"The slave population in the South are peculiarly susceptible to a good religious influence. Their mere residence among a Christian people, even under all the disadvantages of bondage, has wrought a great and happy change in their condition. They have been raised from the night of heathenism to the light of Christianity. Thousands of them have been brought to a saving knowledge of the Gospel. Of the 100,000,000 of the negro race, there cannot be found another so large a body as the 3,000,000 slaves in these United States, at once so intelligent, so inclined to the Gospel, and so blest by the elevating influences of civilization and Christianity. Nor is there any one great class of population in our country that has such claims upon our sympathies. If we are to remember the poor, and if it is according to the very genius of our religion that the poor should have the Gospel preached to them, we ought not to withold our hands from the work under the pretence of first improving their civil and political relations; and if we are to remember those that are in bonds, as bound with them, can we do less than aid those who are willing to teach them the way of life? Will not God hold us to a strict account if, under any pretext whatever, we neglect to minister to their spiritual necessities, when we have such a favourable opportunity of so doing?"

"Remember those in bonds as bound with them"! Would that they would do that! A true Christian Mission to these miserable 3,000,000—are these the men to conceive of or conduct it? Among the Vice-Presidents of this Southern Aid Society are Anson G. Phelps, the Colonizationist, and our prime favourite the Rev Dr. Cox. Gerard Hallock, of the *Journal of Commerce*, is the Treasurer, and Drs. Bethune, Baird, and Eddy, are the Executive Committee. Can there be any doubt what sort of aid such men as these will give to the South?

THE CAMPAIGN IN MICHIGAN.—So far as we can learn from newspapers, and occasional private information, the Anti-Slavery Campaign, recently commenced there, is in successful progress. "A month ago," says a Detroit correspondent of the (Boston) *Christian Register*, "Detroit had never been visited by a thorough-going Reformer on his mission of agitation. But now, as I have intimated, 'they come not single spies, but in battalions.' First we had Miss Sallie Holley, who gave universal satisfaction by the earnestness of her manner and the charity of her speech. The next week followed the Fosters, who think that it takes all kinds of carpenters to build the house of Reform; and are willing that a man should use the 'smoothing plane,' if that is all he is good for, but have themselves seized the 'broad axe' as their favourite tool. * * * The Sunday after brought Mr. Garrison himself. He was not so fortunate as his predecessors. They had access to the best halls and were listened to with patience. But some of our citizens were so unwise and disobliging as to occasion the posting of a large handbill headed 'Freedom of Speech denied in the city of Detroit! Every hall, public and private, pledged and consecrated to Slavery! Therefore Mr. Garrison will speak in the church of the coloured Methodists.'"

In a recent private letter, Mrs. Foster thus speaks of her own and her husband's labours and reception in Michigan, and of the impression made there by Mr. Garrison. If the reader needed any other evidence of the manner in which the Fosters had been received in Detroit, they might find it in our Pro-Slavery column of last week. The letter says:

"We are ploughing pretty deep in this new soil, and we trust the results may justify our high anticipations. The fiercest attacks on us have been through the Detroit Press, and the Free Soil organ of this State, edited by two ministers, a Wesleyan and a Swedenborgian, out herald the *New York Herald*. But the fact that our five meetings there were attended by a deeply interested and sympathetic audience, warrants a return, which we shall endeavour to accomplish, for the purpose of holding another series of meetings. We look on that city, with its great numbers of fugitives, as one of the most important points in the country, to be fortified against the man-hunter.

"Mr. Garrison and Mr. Robinson have spent some two weeks in the State, and their visit has left an impression for truth and humanity which time shall never efface.

"The transformation of a beast of burden into a Man, which is so often effected by a sail of five minutes across the river from Detroit, is not half so marvellous as the tranformation of Mr. Garrison from a beast of prey, 'going about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour,' into a meek, loving, majestic-souled Christian, which is effected by his appearance in this State, where he has not before appeared, but where his traducers and maligners have preceded him. Many are those who say to me, 'To see him is to love him.'"

The editor of the (Ohio) *Anti-Slavery Bugle* has made, for a part of the time, one of this goodly company, and gives, in his own paper, some account of his travels. In one of his letters he says of Miss Holley:

From all accounts she is doing an excellent work for the slave in this region. She is an admirable pioneer—faithful and uncompromising, as she is also most industrious and earnest. She has just visited Detroit, and given two very successful lectures there. Mr. and Mrs. Foster following, were to speak there to-day, and next Sunday Mr. Garrison is advertised for that city. While there, she called upon the Catholic Bishop, to get him to subscribe for the *Liberator!* His Reverence deprecated the action of the Abolitionists, because they injured *the cause*. They called the slaveholders *rascals*. "If a man call me a rascal, I put him out the door" (the Bishop is a foreigner). "Madam, you injure the cause: you should take your sewing and sit in your parlour—there you may talk." So Catholic and Protestant Bishops are well agreed in regard to woman's sphere, as well as in regard to Abolitionists.

Miss Holly is accompanied by Miss Putnam, a helper indeed in her work. Miss P. does excellent service to the cause, by her bold and faithful advocacy of the cause in the sphere prescribed by His Reverence, the Bishop of Detroit. If the Bishop were to follow her awhile in her work, and mark its influence, I strongly suspect he would still further diminish, if he could, the diameter of her sphere.

TESTIMONIAL TO MRS. STOWE.—By an advertisement in some of the English papers we observe that the testimonial to Mrs. Stowe already amounts to the sum of £1500, and that it is the wish and expectation of the Committee who have it in charge to raise it to £2000. The unexpected departure of Mrs. Stowe from England prevented the personal presentation upon which the Committee had calculated. The following appeal from the Committee is circulated in England:

"LONDON, July 18, 1853.

"We, the undersigned, being Trustees for the 'Tribute to Mrs. BEECHER STOWE, in aid of Negro Emancipation,' are desirous that the sum, collected for that purpose, should amount at the least to two thousand pounds.

"Five hundred pounds are still required; and we believe that we are not asking too much of our fellow-citizens when we appeal to them for their assistance toward: the completion of a Fund destined to so great and so good a purpose.

"Your obedient Servants,

"SHAFTESBURY.	"EDWARD N. BUXTON.
" "	"JOSEPH STURGE.
"SAM. GURNEY.	"GEO. WM. ALEXANDER.'

MR. GARRISON, having completed his labours in Michigan, has, during the last week, been filling several appointments in Ohio. He was advertised to speak at Jefferson, Ashtabula Co. (the residence of Hon. J. R. Giddings), last (Friday) evening. He will doubtless return at once to his post.

THE 'FIXED PURPOSE' OF THE PRESIDENT AND HIS CABINET.

Our readers know that, for several years past, the Slave Democracy and the Free Democracy of Massachusetts, though pursuing widely different courses in respect to National Politics, have combined their forces in State elections in order to defeat the Whigs and achieve certain local reforms in which they happen to be agreed. This course on the part of the Slave Democracy has been resisted from the outset by the Hunker portion of the party, who aspired to the places in the gift of the National Executive. Of this wing of the party Caleb Cushing was, during his residence in Massachusetts, the ostensible leader, though he was suspected of being *secretly* in favour of the Coalition. The Administration having got into trouble with the National Democracy of New York by its efforts to conciliate the repentant Barnburners, and being in danger of falling under the censure of the slaveholders, felt the necessity of doing something, just at this time, that should serve to reassure the inexorable Slave Power of its fidelity to the Democratic idea of Eternal Bondage. The following ukase was therefore agreed upon in Cabinet Council, and issued under the signature of Caleb Cushing. We invite attention to one sentence, which we have printed in Italics, and in which Mr. Cushing proclaims it to be the "settled purpose" of the Administration to crush the spirit of Abolitionism! Comment is needless:

WASHINGTON, Saturday, Oct. 29, 1853.

DEAR SIR: I perceive that in several Counties in Massachusetts Coalition Senatorial tickets have been formed of associated Democrats and Free Soilers. My judgment is that the Democrats who have participated in this, have done worse than to commit a fatal error. They have abandoned a principle which is fundamental. To support or vote for the Free-Soilers of Massachusetts, is to give countenance and power to persons engaged avowedly in the persistent agitation of the Slavery question, and therefore hostile in the highest degree to the determined policy of the Administration. The President entertains immovable convictions on this point, as I have had occasion to express to you heretofore, and all of us whom he has called to the public service here most heartily and zealously sustain his views on the subject as being the only ones consistent with personal honour, the success of the Democratic party, the general character of the country, the integrity of the Constitution, or the permanency of this Union. *If there be any purpose more fixed than another in the mind of the President and those with whom he is accustomed to consult, it is that the dangerous element of Abolitionism, under whatever guise or form it may present itself*, SHALL BE CRUSHED OUT, *so far as his administration is concerned.* This the President declared in his Inaugural—this he has declared ever since, at all times, and in all places when he had occasion to speak on the subject.

While he does not assume to judge of the hearts of men who publicly avow sound principles, he only needs overt acts to show where they are, in order that his settled policy in the conduct of the affairs of the Government shall be unequivocally manifest. Those who have apprehended halting or hesitation on the part of the President, in treading any path which truth and patriotism open to him, will find themselves greatly mistaken. He is up to this occasion. His policy was not hastily settled. While he occupies his present position it will never be departed from. The Constitutional rights of all the States of the Union are as dear to him as the rights of New Hampshire.

I have perceived from the outset that this great principle of the Constitutional rights of the States is fastened in his thoughts as the corner stone of this Union Depend upon it, no matter what consequences may impend over him, he will never allow it to be shaken by Abolitionists or factionists; but will set his face like flint as well against right-handed backsliding as against left-handed defections which may prejudice or embarrass the onward progress of the Republic. I remain very truly yours, C. CUSHING.

Hon. R. FROTHINGHAM, Jr., Boston.

A CHANCE FOR A QUANDARY.—Gerrit Smith, the notorious Abolitionist, is a member elect for the next Congress. He has again and again divided and repudiated the constitution of the United States and declared it to be no better than the article of association among a band of robbers. Before he can assume the privileges of membership, he will have to make the oath to "uphold the constitution." Will he do it? Time will tell. The love of high position will counterbalance a great many scruples.

The *Mobile Register*, which makes this remark, quite mistakes the character of Gerrit Smith in supposing that the love of high position puts him in the quandary supposed. Indeed, we doubt if he would acknowledge that there is any question of position in the case, for, at least, to our thinking, a respectable country gentleman of wide influence, eminent abilities, and wealth, exercises, to a degree, the virtue of Christian humility, and condescends to things of low estate in becoming a member of the American Congress. It is not, however, the Constitution of the United States which Mr. Smith derides and repudiates, but the, as he maintains, erroneous construction given to that instrument. In taking the oath to it, therefore, he is in no quandary, in the *Register's* understanding of the matter.

Still, in another sense, we should think Mr. Smith would see a quandary in his position. He knows that when he takes the oath, as administered by the Speaker of the House, it will be received in a different sense from that in which he takes it. He will be supposed to swear to the Constitution, not merely as it is popularly accepted, but also as its character is understood to be settled by the highest judicial tribunal of the land, which is diametrically opposed to his private interpretation. To justify him in this course requires a very ingenious and elaborate argument. Mr. Smith, we know, believes most sincerely that he can so sustain himself. But, we wonder if it ever occurs to him that, an act of simple straight-forward, right conduct never needs such argument?

We are glad Mr. Smith is going to Congress, for, as long as the Congress of the Union exists, we are glad to see some good men in it. But we should be still more glad if, when he does go, and when he steps forward to the Speaker's desk to take the oath, he should, before swearing, state, in his own clear way, and with that sonorous voice and goodly presence of his, what it is that he is about to take God to witness he will do, and what it is—God also being witness—that he will *not* do. There would, we fancy, be one formality less than was looked for on that occasion, and that Mr. Smith would be at liberty to return to his constituents, and consult them upon this novel exigency. With them the question would be unmistakably whether they would swear, by their representative, to return fugitive slaves, or go unrepresented. If the people of that district are as sturdy as a people ought to be who choose Gerrit Smith to represent them, here would be a quandary for the Union-Savers that might come to be worth a Castle-Garden Meeting.

We are sorry to confess that we do not look for such a course of conduct in Mr. Smith; but we sincerely believe that were he to pursue it he would do more in one hour to bring the Slavery question to a head than he has yet done in all his life beside.

NEBRASKA.

WE copy the following from the Cleveland *Forest City*:

The scheme develops. It is now certain that the Slavery propagandists mean to hold this Territory [Nebraska]. They have outwitted the people there, and have the support of the Government.

The "Territory is not open to settlement," declare the agents of this class. And *wherefore?* It is not yet ripe for Slavery. Hold back pioneers, frighten off emigrants, and in a few months all will be settled.

Johnson is chosen *delegate* from Nebraska. He is the tool of Senator Atchison, of Missouri, and plays his part adroitly. We deeply regret his election. So does the *Missouri Democrat*. The Rev. Thomas Johnson, it says, "is one of Atchison's tools, and will co-operate "with him at Washington in endeavouring to defeat the "organization of the Territory."

The *Journal* reports the proceedings of a meeting at which this divine and one General Whitfield, a government officer, figured. The settlers proposed measures to secure an organization of the Territory. These doughty men resisted. They assailed Benton; the settlers defended him. Whitfield's second speech is thus reported:

"Gen. Whitfield again spoke with much force; he was for compromise according to the late act; he thought the Missouri Compromise ought to be *repealed;* thought men from all parts of the Union ought to have the privilege of bringing their property with them, from a negro to a spinning-jenny; he said they might cry *no agitation* when Slavery was already excluded by the Missouri Compromise; for his part, he should *agitate* and *agitate*, till Southeren men were permitted to take their slaves to the Territory; he did not care, personally, whether it was finally made a slave State or not. He was for equal rights."

The game is apparent. And what a picture is revealed? Government officers plying all their powers to plant Slavery on the soil of Nebraska, against the will of the people, and the Government organ at Washington threatening war against Europe to retain Slavery in Cuba! Are the people aware of these facts? Will they consent to have the Government of the United States pander thus to oppression, and work thus for wrong, at home and abroad?

THE SYNOD OF NEW YORK AND NEW JERSEY ON SLAVERY.—We referred, last week, to the action of this body in its attempt to 'cap' anew the 'volcano' which Dr. Cox saw, long ago, was heaving with direful threatening beneath his Church. The result of that action we gathered from the brief report in the daily papers, but we now copy, as a matter of interest to many of our readers, the full report of the proceedings of the Synod on this subject, from the last No. of the *Evangelist*.

FRIDAY MORNING.

After the preliminary devotional exercises, the order of the day, the subject of Slavery, was taken up, which elicited a debate lasting through the session. Rev. Dr. McLane offered the following resolution:

Whereas, the General Assembly has repeatedly given an expression of its views on the subject of Slavery; and whereas, the continued discussion of this subject is calculated to disturb the harmony of our denomination, and to embarrass the operation of the truths set forth by the Assembly on this subject; therefore,

Resolved, That, in the opinion of this Synod, the further discussion of the subject of Slavery in the Assembly is inexpedient.

After some discussion on the general subject, this resolution was indefinitely postponed.

Rev. Dr. Rowland then read an argument on the the Constitutional Powers of the Assembly, in reference to Slavery, and concluded by offering the following resolutions:

Resolved, In view of the action of the last General Assembly on the subject of Slavery, that the Synod regard the attempt of that body, through its committees, or through the lower judicatories acting as its committees, to enter upon such investigations as may implicate any of the members of churches in unlawful acts, or any of the lower judicatories in criminal neglect, against whom no charges have been legally preferred, as tending wrongfully to impair their good standing, as transcending the legitimate powers of the General Assembly. In reference to all disciplinary offences, the General Assembly is the court of last resort, and is possessed of appellate, but not of original jurisdiction. It cannot, therefore, under any pretence, enter directly upon criminal investigations, nor make inquiries which, in their development of unlawful acts, or of criminal neglect in those who are amenable in the first instance, to their several judicatories, without trespassing on the constitutional functions of those judicatories, and their right to a reputable Christian standing, and without assuming a power unwarranted by the Constitution, and dangerous in its exercise to the liberties of the churches. The Synod, therefore, regret the action of the last General Assembly on this subject, as inopportune, as fraught with unconstitutional tendencies and as calculated to awaken unfeigned alarm for the continued peace and unity of our churches.

After some discussion, this was finally postponed, in order to allow Rev. Dr. Cox to introduce the following, which he prefaced with a few remarks upon the inexpediency of any further agitation of the subject:

Resolved, That on the subject of Slavery, it is the judgment of Synod that no good is likely to result from ecclesiastical action in reference to it, either in this Synod or the General Assembly, and therefore to leave it all to the inferior judicatories of the Church, and to the government of Eternal Providence, with prayer for our country in all its sections, and for our Church in all its interests, is a more excellent way, and practically our proper wisdom.

A still more animated debate sprung up on this resolution, when it was postponed.

Rev. Dr. Spear then moved the following preamble and resolutions, which he sustained by a few emphatic remarks:

Whereas, the General Assembly has frequently given an explicit and faithful testimony in regard to the system and practice of Slavery; whereas, the necessity, propriety and duty of repeating such testimony from year to year, are matters in respect to which differences of opinion exist in different sections of the Church; and whereas, the General Assembly sustains no relation to the institution of Slavery, that implies either approval or responsibility for its continuance in our country; therefore, Resolved,

1. That, in the judgment of this Synod, it is not expedient, under present circumstances, to continue discussion and action on this subject in the Assembly, the course not being adapted to promote either the interests of the enslaved or the spiritual good of the Church, and therefore not required, so far as the Synod can see, by any law of duty.

2. That, in expressing the above opinion, the Synod do not mean to question the constitutional right of memorial and petition in regard to this subject, or the right of any member of the Assembly to introduce it by resolution, or to pronounce any judgment upon previous actions of the Assembly touching this point.

3. That the Synod earnestly hope that all sections of the Church will see it to be wise, and not less consistent with duty, in the present aspects of Providence, to omit such measures as must necessarily continue to bring the question of Slavery before the General Assembly, trusting, meanwhile, that the next Assembly may be able so to dispose of the subject, if it shall be brought before that body, as to secure this desirable result.

These resolutions were as far from reconciling the views of the Synod as any of their predecessors; and after a long discussion, Rev. Dr. Hatfield had the good fortune to propose the following modification of Dr. Cox's resolution, which was passed with but a single dissenting voice.

Resolved, That, without any reference to the action of previous General Assemblies, we believe that in the present aspects of Divine Providence, the agitation in our General Assemblies, by any portion of the Church, of our relations to Slavery in this country, is undesirable and inexpedient. Committing this whole subject, therefore, to the government of Eternal Providence, we commend to our churches to offer unceasing prayer for our country in all its sections, and for our Church in all its interests.

This question disposed of, the Synod adjourned.

THE ASSAULT UPON MR. GARRISON.—Mr. Robinson, the editor of the *Anti-Slavery Bugle*, who has been travelling and lecturing with Mr. Garrison in Michigan, gives, in a letter to the *Bugle*, this succinct, but circumstantial, account of the assault made upon the latter by Mr. Nevin, for words used in debate with his brother, in the Woman's Rights Convention at Cleveland:

Dr. Nevin, as Miss Brown was a "young woman," benevolently came to her help, as he said. In our judgment, he gave her cause little aid. His cant was disgusting—his misrepresentations of Mr. Barker's remarks were gross, and his perseverance in them, after correction, was not calculated to impress one at all favourably of his honesty. Mr. Garrison, full of indignation at his course, burst forth with the unparliamentary, but certainly merited, assertion that Mr. Nevin "had the spirit of a rowdy and a blackguard!" It brought down storms of hisses—and subsequently a very harmless, cowardly, and ludicrously personal

ASSAULT UPON MR. GARRISON.

It was on this wise.

Mr. Garrison, who, after the adjournment, had delayed to pass from the Hall, till the whole audience had retired, met at the door, as he passed out, some three or four men waiting his appearance. Said one of them, a brother of Dr. Nevin:

Mr. Garrison, I wish to speak to you.

Mr. G.—Will you walk into this room?

Brother—You said Dr. Nevin had the spirit of a rowdy and a blackguard, did you?

Mr. G.—I did.

Brother—He is a brother of mine.

Mr. G.—Ah!

Brother—Did you mean what you said?

Mr. G.—Certainly. I always mean what I say.

Brother—You said it. Did you?

Mr. G.—Yes.

Brather—And you meant it?

Mr. G.—Yes.

Brother—You did, did you?

Mr. G.—Yes.

Brother [With courage up to the snubbing point]—"You did, ha!" Well then, take that" [thrusting his hand in Mr. Garrison's face, and giving his nose a friendly tweak].

Mr. G.—You call that a defence of your brother, do you?

Brother—Yes.

Mr. G.—Well, I am satisfied if you are. [And Mr. Garrison passed on.]

In relating the circumstance, Mr. Garrison remarked that he considered this cowardly personal assault as far more honourable than the course of the Reverend Doctor. A decision in which I most cordially concur.

THE HUTCHINSONS.—The "original" Hutchinson family—the nest of brothers, but without the sister in it now, she having mated and made a nest of her own—are giving concerts in this city and neighbourhood. An impression, we understand, has gone abroad that, as one of the brothers was not living, that, therefore, but two of the original singers were left. We hardly need remind our readers that Jesse, the brother who died some time since, was not of the choir, and that, with the exception of Abby, the singing circle is the same as it always has been. The Hutchinsons were always favourites with the public, and we understand their powers are as full as ever. Among their other new songs, we observe, is an Uncle Tomitude.

SOJOURNER TRUTH will speak in the Abyssinian (Baptist) Church, in Anthony, between West Broadway and Church street, on Monday evening, at 7 1-2 o'clock. We hope she may have a full house. Though illiterate, she is a woman of good natural abilities, and, having experienced the wrongs of Slavery in her own person, is capable of exciting the deepest sympathy of those who hear her.

THE following poem is from the November No. of Putnam's Magazine. It was, perhaps, the last intellectual work of the lovely and gifted woman whose death, announced in another column, has brought to her household a desolation of which we hardly dare to think, and a sadness, which has no words, to very many who will read these lines:

Rouen

PLACE DE LA PUCELLE.

Here blooms the legend fed with time and chance,
Fresh as the morning, though in centuries old;
The whitest lily in the shield of France,
With heart of virgin gold.

Along this square she moved, sweet Joan of Arc,
With face more pallid than a day-lit star,
Half seen, half doubted, while before her dark
Stretched the array of war.

Swift furled the battle-smoke of lying breath
From off her path, as if a wind had blown,
And showed no faithless king, but righteous death
On the low, wooden throne.

He would reward her; she who meekly wore
Alike her gilded mail and peasant gown,
Meekly received one earthly honour more—
The formless, fiery crown.

A white dove trembled up the heated air,
And in the opening zenith found its goal;
Soft as a downward feather fell a prayer
For each repentant soul.

WORCESTER ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.—We learn from the Worcester (Mass.) *Spy*, that the Ladies' Anti-Slavery Fair, held there, last week, met with such success that the Committee have handed over three hundred and fifty dollars of the proceeds to the Treasurer of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. There is a band of strong and earnest Anti-Slavery people in Worcester, and, aided by those of some of the nearest towns in that County, they show their faith by a work of this sort every year.

VERMONT.—John S. Robinson, Hunker Democrat, has been elected Governor of Vermont, by the aid of *Free* Democratic votes, in return for the election of a Free Democratic Speaker of the House, and in the *hope* of securing the election of a Free Democratic United States Senator. The Burlington *Courier*, a Free Democratic paper, don't appear to relish the Coalition.

CHARLES EDWARD LESTER.

THIS person has made some noise in the world, as "Our Consul in Genoa"—as the exhibitor and historian of an ivory crucifix—as the possessor of a picture obtained by some means or other from M. Vespucci, of Florence—as the author of "The Glory and Shame of England"—as the translator of Italian Novels—as the proposed biographer of Caleb Cushing—as "the correspondent of the London *Times*," and, recently, as the writer of a letter to Mr. Marcy, in which he addressed the Hon. Secretary of State with, "*Please save me from any contact whatever with Abolitionists.*"

But, to borrow a fashionable slang, who knows this gentleman's *antecedents?* where did he come from? what induced John Tyler, of glorious memory, to make him "Our Consul in Genoa?" These questions, it is true, are not important, but still the answers to them are startling and amusing.

Some of our elder citizens may remember that, in 1835, a convention of Abolitionists was driven out of the Bleecker Street Church, Utica, by a mob, headed by Samuel Beardsley, who was rewarded for his Union-saving efforts on the occasion by being made, soon after, Attorney-General of the State of New York. The convention thus forcibly expelled from Utica, re-assembled at Peterboro, and there formed the New York State Anti-Slavery Society.

The Pastor of the Bleecker Street Church was, of course, not a man then fearing *contact with Abolitionists*. The name of this courageous and reverend gentleman was CHARLES EDWARD LESTER!!

In 1840, a General Anti-Slavery Convention, otherwise called the World's Convention, was held in London. Its proceedings are published in a large volume; the book contains a "List of the members of the convention, and from where they came or were delegated." In this list I find, "Lester, Rev. Charles E., Bleecker Street Church, Utica, U. S."

From the reported debates, I will make a few extracts.

Mr. FEWSTER, an English Delegate. "I would ask any of our American friends whether, in the event of this convention determining to address the PRESIDENT of the United States, the address would generally appear in the American newspapers?"

"REV. C. E. LESTER. Yes, and we could publish it as well in a cheap form. I would beg leave to suggest one thought, whether it might not be proper for this convention to present a very respectful remonstrance *to our Minister at the Court of St. James*, that he set a better example to others, when he comes here, than by keeping his vassals in bondage at home." p. 206.

"REV. C. E. LESTER. I knew him (a certain fugitive slave) well, and, for the last six months I was in America, he sat under my preaching, in the church where the first Anti-Slavery Convention was held in New York in 1835, when a mob of gentlemen of property and standing broke into our temple, and tore down the altar of God—then it was that Gerrit Smith, the great apostle of American Abolition, who had never joined us because he did not like our measures, was won to our ranks. Is it true, said he, 'that freemen cannot open their voice in God's house? then they shall in my own—to Peterboro, to Peterboro!' *We* left the temple, and, *en masse*, went thirty miles to his house. That abolition which is cradled in the storm is the only kind that has ever been worth having—let me point to my *noble friend* in the gallery, WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, whom *I* delight to honour." p. 316.

"REV. C. E. LESTER. He (the fugitive slave) dares not reveal himself until he sees a man with a broad-brimmed hat, and ah! a broad brimmed hat is the shield of freedom; he knows it will protect him. The man of God takes him to his dwelling, feeds, clothes and comforts him and sends him on to an Abolitionist, for WE *have chains of posts all through the free States.* He stops a day or two at Oberlin, that friendly light-house which guards the entrance to the harbour of British freedom. At Oberlin he learns what it is to be treated like a man. But he wants to reach British Soil; he crosses Lake Erie; and the moment he steps on this ground, he is adopted by your government, and receives a royal charter of freedom from your beloved Queen. Ah! sir, *I wish she could be our Queen long enough to make our subjects free.*" p. 321.

"REV. C. E. LESTER. I am perfectly satisfied that every mob that has ever threatened our cause has done us good; we are then much indebted to the mobs, and more especially to those mobs which threatened our friend George Thompson." p. 561.

"REV. C. E. LESTER. I hope this convention will, in the most unqualified manner, condemn the grant of £20,000,000, so far as it may be supposed to involve the *right of slaveholders to compensation.*" p. 395.

But our Divine soon changed his tone. On his return, he published his experience in England, under the title of "The Glory and Shame of England," a book filled with silly and malignant vituperation of England. He incidentally mentions the sitting of the Anti-Slavery convention in London, but *conceals* the fact that he was himself a member, although anxious that the convention, as we have seen, should unequivocally condemn the compensation allowed the West India planters, as involving *the right of slaveholders* to compensation. He tells us, in his book, in regard to slaveholders, "No law would justly demand their (the slaves) release without compensation!" This admission of the right of slaveholders to compensation of course relieved him from all suspicion of being a fanatic, while his excessive abuse of Anti-Slavery England seems to have won the heart of Mr. Tyler; and the eulogist of Gerrit Smith, George Thompson and Garrison, the sympathizer with fugitive slaves, and the acknowledged manager of the Under-ground Railroad, became "Our Consul in Genoa." The desire of the Rev. Charles Edward Lester to be saved from contact with the Abolitionists is no doubt cordially reciprocated by them, with the exception, perhaps, of John Van Buren, Henry B. Stanton, and the Rev. S. H. Cox, D.D.

A. H.

SUMMARY.

THANKSGIVING.—Thursday, November 24th, to be observed as Thanksgiving in New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Maryland.

—— H. H. Robinson, editor of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, has instituted a suit, laying damages at $20,000, against Gen. S. F. Cary, the temperance declaimer, for slander issued through the *Ohio Organ*.

—— PRESENT TO MRS. STOWE, FROM A SOUTHERNER.—Dr. McGill, of Maryland in Liberia, recently presented to Harriet Beecher Stowe a massive ring of African gold, and of African manufacture.

——The residence of the late J. Fenimore Cooper at Cooperstown, recently converted into a hotel, was fired on Friday the 23d ult. by an incendiary, and burned to the ground. A portion of the furniture was saved.

—— John S. Robinson (Dem.), of Bennington, has been chosen Governor of Vermont by the aid of a majority of the Free Soil Members of the Legislature. He is a thorough Hunker, standing square on the Baltimore Platform.

——The Washington *Star* states that there is on the files of the State Department a written application for the French Mission on behalf of the notorious James Gordon Bennett. The *Star* says it will have this interesting document brought to light when Congress meets.

—— MEETING OF YALE ALUMNI.—A meeting of the graduates of Yale College, residing in this city, was held last week for the purpose of facilitating a subscription of $150.000, now on foot, for the better endowment of that Institution. It was reported that $40,000 had already been raised.

——PRETTY GOOD.—"Did he not make several visits after the patient was out of danger?" was the question of a lawyer in cross examining a witness called to prove a doctor's bill in one of our justice's courts, a couple of days since. "No," replied the witness, "I thought the patient *was in danger* as long as the doctor continued his visits."—*Syracuse Chronicle.*

—— A fugitive slave passed through this village on Saturday last, on the underground railroad. He is probably safe in Canada by this time, notwithstanding the slave-catchers were on his track. Between five and six dollars was raised for him here, and without the fear of Baltimore Platforms before our eyes! Where is the Union Safety Committee?—*Chardon Free Democrat.*

——The Charleston People (says the *Post*) are having their fun out of Uncle Tom's Cabin, as well as the rest of us. The Charleston *Standard*, speaking of the performance of the "Nightingale Troupe," says:

"On Monday night will be introduced, for the first time, Uncle Tom's Cabin, or Freedom at the North and Service at the South. We hear already of a great demand for tickets. Aunt Harriet Beecher's *toe* will, we anticipate, be entirely dislocated."

—— UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.—A poor panting fugitive, from unrequited toil, came up on the Underground Railroad one day last week. At the depot he was met by kind friends, who spoke words of cheer to him, placed in his hand "material aid," and secured him a passage upon a branch of this great railroad, and ere our readers see this, he will be in the land where the slave-hunter and his blood-thirsty minions have no power.—*Ohio Star.*

—— THE "INSTITUTION" IN DANGER.—On Friday night last a fugitive slave was assisted through this place, *en route* for Canada. On Thursday a good Democrat, not having the fear of Baltimore Platforms before his eyes, took him into his house, supplied him with food, and informed a good Free Soiler, who furnished him some articles of clothing, and assisted him on his way rejoicing,—*Republican Standard.*

——AHEAD OF "BOSTON FOUR CORNERS."—We understand that a shrewd Yankee, at the Horse Exhibition, at Springfield, has outrun the "striped pig," and come in ahead of the Maine Law. The Yankee hired a spot of land within the limits of the Arsenal grounds, which are beyond the jurisdiction of the Massachusetts authorities, having been ceded by that State to the United States—he not designating the purpose for which he wished to use it. He immediately erected a huge tent, which he supplied with liquors, and which are dealt out by some thirty or forty bar-tenders at a shilling a glass. He contends that the laws of the United States protect him in his traffic.

——We are glad (says the *Tribune*) to see men dismissed from employments which properly belong to women, and sent off to other kinds of work for which they are better fitted. Among these employments is waiting on the table at hotels. In some of the most respectable establishments in the country men are no longer employed as waiters. Such is already the case at the Clarendon in this City, and this morning the proprietors of Sanderson's new hotel in Gramercy Park advertise in our columns for girls as waitresses. Young women of good character and manners will here find better pay, easier work, and more comfortable positions than in most private families.

—— SPIRIT OF THE SOUTH.—The Michigan *Free Democrat* says: "A gentleman from New Orleans, a native of the South, who was in our sanctum a few minutes, remarked that they who had always lived in the midst of Slavery knew its evils better than any Northern man could tell them. They hated Slavery, while the force of circumstances held them to it. But there was one thing they despised more than Slavery, and that was a silly, lying apology for it by a Northern man, who had no excuse for his mendacity. When Northern men, bred in the love of Freedom, and the perpetual assertion of it, attempt to sugar over Slavery, they know they lie; and Southern men know they are deliberately and wilfully lying too."

——BLACK NOSES FOR CONVICTS.—A resolution has been introduced into the Kentucky Legislature which provides that "the keeper of the Penitentiary shall procure a suitable chemical dye, such as will stain the cuticle or outer surface of the skin perfectly black, so that it cannot be washed off or in any way removed until time shall wear it away, and nature furnish a new cuticle or surface, and that with this dye he shall have the nose of each male convict painted thoroughly black, and renew the application as may be necessary to keep it so, until within one month of the expiration of his sentence, when it shall be discontinued for the purpose of permitting nature to restore the feature to its original hue, preparatory to the second advent of its owner into the world."

—— A FREE MAN IN SLAVERY IN CUBA.—The Havana correspondent of the New York *Journal of Commerce* says:

"We have a story in town which has excited a good deal of attention, of a negro that has been kept in bondage as a slave for forty years, who was born in the United States, of free parents, at Charleston, S. C. He applied to Col. William H. Robertson, acting Consul, for protection, and his case, which seems well established by the facts related, has been laid before the Captain General, who has promised immediate attention to it, and I am informed at the Consulate that he takes great personal interest in the matter, from the extraordinary narrative, and the consistent determination of the subject, for forty years, to obtain his freedom."

——The negro James Edwards, who is now in jail awaiting a trial for his freedom, which is set for the 18th of October, before United States Commissioner B. F. Hickman, Esq., expects to establish his claim to a discharge in the following manner:

He is to prove by the deposition of Mr. William P. Halliday, clerk of the steamer Royal Arch, that as early as 1841, six years before the time of his alleged escape from Buchanan, White & Co., New Orleans, he lived in the town of Pomroy, Ohio. He lived in the family of Mr. Downing, in Pomroy, by whom he may prove that he was emancipated long before, in the State of Virginia. He acknowledges that his name is James Edwards, but denies that he was ever a slave in Louisiana. His counsel states that he did not desire a continuance of the case, but that it was granted upon affidavit of Mr. Lathrop.—*St. Louis Republican, Oct.* 1.

—— SELF-SALE INTO SLAVERY.—A singular instance of a coloured man selling himself into Slavery was brought out in the Mayor's Court, in Richmond, Va., last week. A man named Jones, a witness in a case of larceny, stated that he was the slave of a Mr. Corrington, while the book of the Hustings Court showed him to be a free man. On examination it appeared that Jones was emancipated in Richmond in 1851, and that appended to the evidence of his freedom was an injunction from the Court to leave the State, on penalty of being sold for the benefit of the State. Instead of doing so, it appeared that he sold himself to Mr. Corrington, and had actually received part of the purchase money at the time of the sale. The Mayor stated in strong terms his convictions that the whole proceeding was illegal, and that the State had claims for forfeiture which could be enforced in spite of the negro's self-sale; but for the purpose of bringing the novel question before a higher court, he had the man held to a hearing before the next Hustings Court, on the charge of remaining in the Commonwealth contrary to law.

——By private advices from the Sandwich Islands, the *Tribune* learns that the question of commencing negotiations for the cession of the sovereignty of the Islands to the United States, upon such conditions as will secure to the inhabitants all their civil rights and their property, is being generally discussed by the foreign residents in the Islands. It is the opinion of our correspondent that the general desire for such a cession will operate upon the minds of the King and Chiefs. The representatives of Great Britain and France are very much disturbed at this state of facts. Accordingly, on August 30, they asked an audience of the King and Privy Council "for the purpose of expressing their sentiments respecting some occurrences "which they conceive deeply involved in the sovereignty of the King and the independence of the Islands." This had been granted, to take place after the date of our dispatches. If these representatives speak highly of American sympathy, and so forth, it is supposed there will result a state of feeling which will drive the King to an immediate application to President Pierce. Very possibly the question of annexing the Islands may be brought before the next Congress.

DIED.

LOWELL.—At Elmwood, Cambridge, Mass., on the 27th ult., Maria, the wife of James Russell Lowell, aged 32 years.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

From October 1st, 1853, to November 1st, 1853.

746	Benjamin White, Pennvill, Ind.	2 00
712	H. Maria Ingersoll, Ohio city, O.	1 00
748	Mrs. Volney Chapin, Ann Arbor, Mich.	2 00
748	Wm. L. Power, Farmington, "	2 00
692	Cheesman Miller, Bricksville, O.	2 00
749	Anson Dwight, " "	2 00
574	R. Cossum, Cleveland, N. Y.	5 00
728	Julia A. Wilbur, East Avon, N. Y.	2 00
750	Thomas McNab, Paterson, N. J.	2 00
750	Robert Dalling, " "	2 00
750	John Cooke, " "	2 00
750	James Harwood, " "	2 00
750	John Drew, " "	2 00
724	John Dunkerley, " "	1 00
749	James Howe, Jersey City, N. J.	2 00
730	Joseph A. Dugdale, Kennett Square, Pa.	1 00
750	C. Vanderbilt, Jr., New York City,	2 00
745	D. W. Cole, Fairfield, N. Y.	2 00
744	Miss Shackleton, Cuyahoga Falls, O.	2 00
728	Charles A. Wheelock, Uxbridge, Mass.	2 00
630	Warren Hooper, St. Charles, Ill.	2 00
728	Nathaniel Barney, Nantucket, Mass.	2 00
728	Benjamin Barney, Weedsport, N. Y.	2 00
728	Mrs. Cordelia Adams, Hingham, Mass.	2 00
744	Miss Adeline Whiton, " "	2 00
784	Oliver Cushing, South Hingham, Mass.	2 00
750	Robert Fields, Paterson, N. J.	2 00
750	John D. Shorrock, " "	2 00
751	A. S. Welch, Ypsilanti, Mich.	2 00
731	Benjamin Pane, Brewster, Mass.	2 00
746	Mrs. Rhoda Beal, Hingham, Mass.	2 00
729	Miss E. A. Thaxter, " "	2 00
739	Miss Lydia Andrews, " "	2 00
746	Miss Elizabeth Cushing, " "	2 00
746	Miss Mary T. Tidmarsh " "	2 00
702	J. A. Ward, Buffalo, N. Y.	1 00
729	Arad Gilbert, Fall River, Mass.	2 00
		$73 00

DONATIONS.

Wendell Phillips (to redeem pledge),	$100 00
C. F. Hovey (for Anti-Slavery labours in the West)	1,000 00
Cheesman Miller, Bricksville, Ohio,	3 00
A friend (by H. C. Wright),	20 00
Rev. S. May, Jr., (to redeem pledge),	20 00
	$1,143 00

RECAPITULATION.

Acknowledgements,	$73 00
Donations,	1,143 00
Total,	$1,216 00

TWENTIETH

Nationa Anti-Slavery Bazaar.

To be Held in Boston, Mass.,

DURING THE CHRISTMAS WEEK OF 1853.

THE Managers of the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR, in once more addressing their friends and fellow-labourers, for the purpose of entreating a warmer sympathy and a more effective co-operation in their proposed movement, beg leave to submit a few suggestions which they trust may have a tendency to produce that result.

Twenty years have passed away since the first Fair to aid in the Abolition of American Slavery was held in the City of Boston. Twenty years of labour and effort, and still we remain a slaveholding nation, our first word of repentance in a national capacity yet to be uttered, our first work of mercy yet to be done. But have these labours and efforts, of which we may, properly enough, just now, consider this Bazaar an exponent, accomplished nothing? Only the childishly thoughtless or the wilfully false can venture to reply in the negative.

The battle has not been won; it has not even been fought; but the outposts have been carried, and the field, with its embattled hosts, lies plainly before us. Massacre of the Masters, slaves contented and happy, amalgamation of Races, Colonisation, and similar fallacies—these are the refuges of lies which the Abolitionists have swept away, and the issue between them and their opponents is narrowed to the simple question of material success and self-interest. The creed of the Pro-Slavery party is expressed in two lines,

"That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

The blood-cemented prosperity which should be its shame, is coolly adduced, in argument, as ample justification for continuance in crime.

Hence, no talk of *Gradualism* now obstructs our way. Kindly propositions in its behalf, from distant friends of the slave, ignorant of the essential diabolism which is the animating spirit of the Slave institution of this country, meet, from the Slaveholding South and Pro-Slavery North alike, as bitter and unscrupulous an opposition as was ever meted out to the most energetic demand ever made for Immediate Abolition. The slaveholders understand perfectly that the concessions of marriage, family ties, the Bible, are, in effect, emancipation. They have never been granted where men were held as property, for the very good reason that any such concession lays the axe to the root of so audacious and abominable a claim.

So many sophistries and fallacies being removed, the Abolitionists then may congratulate themselves that they are now in direct collision with the consciences and hearts of the people. In many respects, their chance of success is better than ever before. Another generation is entering upon the duties and responsibilities of life, who, however thoughtless and indifferent to the great question of their age, are not and cannot be as were their fathers when it first met *them*, "in darkness that might be felt," and cased in such armour of prejudice, that Truth herself might well nigh deem them invincible.

The leaders, too, of the Pro-Slavery hosts, alike in the State and the Church, are, day by day, called from their unholy warfare to give their account for the deeds done in the body, and, mercifully, to a very considerable extent, their inhuman influence dies with them. Men may mourn when the confessors of Truth and Mercy depart, but their mantles fall on others; but when the Statesmen who have voted for, and the Ministers who have preached for, the Fugitive Slave Bill, are summoned hence, a crowd of the weak and wavering, who would not have been so base and cruel but for the influence of a firmer and superior mind, breathe freer, are measurably released from their thraldom and rendered accessible to better influences.

The signs of the times abroad as well as at home offer tokens of encouragement. In foreign lands, an agitation has been aroused which will never, we trust, again slumber. Christendom owes it to the name by which it is called to rally on this question. There has never been so vast a one submitted to its consideration; but, God be thanked, its simplicity is equal to its magnitude, and Monarchist and Republican, Catholic and Protestant, nay, though we have spoken of Christendom, Heathendom itself may see written, as with letters of light, on the Heavens, that it is indeed "a wild and guilty phantasy that man can hold property in man," and doubly wild and doubly guilty when this phantasy controls the sentiment and shapes the action of a great and self-governing nation.

Apart from these and other general causes of encouragement, the Managers of the Bazaar, and those co-operating with them, may find special stimulus to exertion in the fact that the present arrangements of the American Anti-Slavery Society are such as to render an increased success of this undertaking more desirable, we might almost say imperative, than ever before.

The Receipts of the Bazaar are devoted to the sustentation of the Parent Society and its organ, the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*, in the City of New York. There, in the very focus of pro-slavery opposition, a banner in behalf of the perishing slave has been raised, and its triumph will be in some measure commensurate with the supplies that this movement may be enabled to furnish.

The details of the Bazaar are so well understood that we feel any particular specifications unnecessary.

We cordially invite the assistance of every lover of Freedom, pledging ourselves to all such for a conscientious fulfilment of all the duties that our present position imposes on us.

Donations of any kind, either in manufactured articles, materials for manufacture or money, will be gratefully received by any of the Managers whose names and addresses are subjoined, or any further information that may be requested will be cheerfully given.

Anne Warren Weston, Weymouth, Mass.
Ann Greene Phillips, Essex street, Boston.
Helen E. Garrison, 8 Dix Place, Boston.
Louisa Loring, 27 State street, Boston.
Mary May, 5 Franklin Place, Boston.
Sarah Russell May, Leicester, Mass.
Maria Weston Chapman, care of Messrs. Green & Co., Paris, France.
Caroline Weston, " "
Mary Gray Chapman.
Henrietta Sargent, 156 Tremont street, Boston.
Frances Mary Robbins, Brush Hill, Milton.
Eliza Lee Follen.
Susan C. Cabot.
Thankful Southwick, Danvers, Mass.
Sarah H. Southwick, Portland, Maine.
Caroline F. Williams, 75 Southac street, Boston.
Mary H. Jackson, 1071 Washington street, Boston.
Elizabeth Gay, 142 Nassau street, New York.
Charlotte S. Sargent, 70 Dover street, Boston.
Sarah S. Russell, Jamaica Plain, Roxbury, Mass.
Sarah Blake Shaw.
Eliza F. Eddy, 7 Hollis street, Boston.
E. C. Von Arnim, 18 South street, Boston.
Mary Willey.
Evelina A. S. Smith, Harrison Square, Dorchester, Mass.
Ann Rebecca Bramhall, 47 Milk street, Boston.
Lydia Parker, Exeter Place, Boston.
Maria Lowell, Elmwood, Cambridge, Mass.
Abby Francis, " "

[By Request.]

Free Democratic State Nominations.

For Secretary of State,
CHARLES B. SEDGWICK, of Onondaga.

For Comptroller,
SETH M. GATES, of Wyoming.

For Attorney-General,
JOHN JAY, of New York.

For State Treasurer,
NATHAN SOULE, of Onondaga.

For Canal Commissioner,
CHARLES G. CASE, of Oswego.

For State Prison Inspector,
HORACE BOARDMAN, of Clinton.

For State Engineer,
SILAS CORNELL, of Monroe.

For Judge of the Court of Appeals, Full Term,
LEONARD GIBBS, of Washington.

For Judge of the Court of Appeals, Short Term,
E. I. CHASE, of Niagara.

For Clerk of the Court of Appeals,
THOMAS G. FROST, of Oneida.

The Globe:

THE OFFICIAL PAPER OF CONGRESS,

And Newspaper for the People.

IT will be seen by the annexed extract from a letter from General Washington to David Stewart, dated New York, 17th March, 1790, that the idea of such a paper as I propose to make the *Globe* originated in the mind of the Father of his Country. He said:

"It is to be lamented that the editors of the different Gazettes in the Union do not more generally and more correctly (instead of stuffing their papers with scurrility and nonsensical declamation, which few would read if they were apprised of the contents) publish the debates in Congress on all great national questions. The principles upon which the difference of opinion arises, as well as the decisions, would then come fully before the public, and afford the best data for its judgment."—*Sparks's Writings of Washington, vol.* 10, *p.* 84.

THE DAILY GLOBE AND THE CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE.

In surrendering my interest in the organ of a great political party, I cherished the purpose of continuing the *Congressional Globe*, and, if possible, in time, to perfect it into a full history of the action of Congress, giving the debates accurately and fully with the proceedings—all stamped with the verity of an official record. From the passage in the letter of General Washington, which I have quoted, it will be perceived that he thought this office might be combined with that of a regular newspaper; and it is certain that the avidity of the public for news of the less important kind greatly contributes to give wings to the weightier matter which may be called Congressional news.

Having succeeded in my purpose of perfecting the reports of the debates in Congress and giving them the official stamp, I now propose to send them abroad, in connection with the news of the day, in such haste as shall outstrip full and accurate intelligence sent from the seat of Government in any other form whatever. It will even anticipate the scraps of news forwarded to cities within two hundred and fifty miles of Washington by telegraph. Before the events thus transmitted are published in the morning papers (for instance, of the city of New York), the *Globe* containing them will have reached the post office of that city by the Express Mail of the previous night. The process by which this will be effected I now lay before the public.

I will have a corps of sixteen Reporters in Congress; each in succession will take notes during five minutes, then retire, prepare them for the Press, put them slip by slip in the hands of compositors, and thus, while a debate is going on in Congress, it will be put in type, and in a few minutes after it is ended it will be in print. I shall by this means be enabled to send by the Express Mail of 5 o'clock P. M. for the East, West, and North, and by that of 9 o'clock P. M. for the South, all the proceedings of Congress up to the ordinary hour of adjournment. Thus the accurate debates of Congress will reach the cities two hundred and fifty miles from the Capitol before their daily morning papers are in circulation.

The miscellaneous news I shall be careful to gather from remote sections of the country by telegraph. I will obtain from the Executive Departments, through official sources, matters of moment transacted in them, and, through agents employed for the purpose, all the city news of consequence in sufficient time to be put into the *Globe* and mailed in the Express Mail trains. In this way I hope to create a new era in the dissemination of news from Washington. Hitherto no newspaper has attempted to give authentic accounts of things done at Washington before the public mind at a distance had received its first impressions from irresponsible telegraphic dispatches, or by letter-writers biassed by peculiar views.

Washington has now become so great a center of political interest during all the year—the proceedings of the Executive Departments and the information collected by them even during the recess of Congress is of so much importance to the interests of every section of the country—that I shall continue the publication of the daily paper permanently, with a view to become the vehicle of the earliest and most correct intelligence.

It is part of my plan to reduce the price of the daily paper to half that of similar daily papers; and thus I hope to extend its circulation so as to invite advertisements. I will publish advertisements of the Government. To subscribers in the cities I hope to submit such terms as will induce them to advertise their business in every village throughout the Union, where the *Globe* is sent daily under the franks of members of Congress, all of whom take it, and some of them a large number of copies.

The installation of a new Administration and a new Congress portends much change in the course of public affairs as the result of the next session. Many vast interests which were brought up in the last Congress were laid over by the Democratic majority to await the action of a Democratic Executive. The new modeling of the tariff; the new land system; the question of giving homesteads, and making every man a freeholder who may choose to become one; the approximation of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans by a national railroad across the territory of the Union; reform in the Army, Navy, and civil officers—all these great questions, with a thousand minor ones, deeply affecting multitudes of men and every State in the Union, will, now being matured by public opinion, come up for the Government's decision. The new issues, co-operating with old ones, coming up to be disposed of by new actors on the scenes at Washington, will be apt to modify greatly, if not alter essentially, the party organizations of the country.

To these elements of interest another is likely to be introduced by the interposition of the agitations of Europe. After nearly forty years of peace in Europe there is an evident restlessness that now seems fraught with tendencies threatening war; and if war comes, in all likelihood there will follow such universal change that the United States can scarcely hope to escape its vortex. Indeed, from late events it is apparent that our Government is already drawn into European difficulties. These circumstances are calculated to draw the public mind towards the next Congress with much expectation.

The *Daily Globe* will be printed on fine paper, double royal size, with small type (brevier and nonpareil) at five dollars a year.

The *Congressional Globe* will also be printed on a double royal sheet, in book form, royal quarto size, each number containing sixteen pages. The *Congressional Globe* proper will be made up of the proceedings of Congress and the running debates as given by the Reporters. The speeches which members may choose to write out themselves will, together with the messages of the president of the United States, the reports of the Executive Departments, and the laws passed by Congress, be added in an Appendix. Formerly I received subscriptions for the *Congressional Globe* and Appendix separately. But this has not been found satisfactory, inasmuch as it gave an incomplete view of the transactions in Congress; and therefore I have concluded not to sell them apart, considering that neighbours can have the advantage of both by clubbing in case individuals shall find it too onerous to be at the charge of both.

To facilitate the circulation of the *Congressional Globe* and cheapen it to subscribers, Congress passed last year a joint resolution making it free of postage. I annex it, as the law may not be accessible to postmasters generally:

"Joint Resolution providing for the distribution of the Laws of Congress and the Debates thereon.

"With a view to the cheap circulation of the laws of Congress and the debates contributing to the true interpretation thereof, and to make free the communication between the representative and constituent bodies:

"*Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Rrepresentatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,* That from and after the present session of Congress, the *Congressional Globe* and Appendix, which contain the laws and the debates thereon, shall pass free through the mails so long as the same shall be published by order of Congress: *Provided,* That nothing herein shall be construed to authorize the circulation of the *Daily Globe* free of postage.

"Approved, August 6, 1852."

As I sell the *Daily Globe* at half the price of similar publications, so the *Congressional Globe* and Appendix is sold for half the cost of so much composition, press-work, and paper. This I can afford to do, inasmuch as the subscription of Congress almost covers the cost of composition, and this enables me to sell for little more than the cost of press-work and paper. It requires the sale of about 9,000 copies to reimburse expenses. If 500 only were sold, the cost of each copy would be about $104! The debates in the English Parliament cost about *eleven* times as much as I charge subscribers for the debates in Congress, equal in quantity, and as well reported and printed.

The next session of Congress will be a long one; and it is believed the *Congressional Globe* for it will reach 4,000 royal quarto pages, as the last long session made 3,842; and the long one before that made 3,901 royal quarto pages—four large volumes each session. If subscribers will be careful to file all the numbers received by them, I will supply any that may miscarry in the mails. This work increases in value as it grows old. The first seventeen volumes will now command *three times*, and some of the subsequent ones *twice*, their original subscription price.

The subscription price for the *Congressional Globe* (including the Appendix and the laws) is six dollars.

Complete indexes will be made out and forwarded to subscribers soon after the session is ended.

Subscribers for the Daily should have their money here by the 5th, and for the *Congressional Globe* by the 15th of December. The money must accompany an order for either the Daily or the *Congressional Globe*. Bank notes current where a subscriber resides will be received at par.

JOHN C. RIVES.

WASHINGTON, October 12, 1853.

COLONIZATION.

FACTS AND OPINIONS
TOUCHING THE
ORIGIN, CHARACTER AND INFLUENCE
OF THE
American Colonization Society;

Views of Wilberforce, Clarkson and others, and Opinions of the Free People of Colour of the United States. By G. B. STEBBINS. Preface by Hon. WM. JAY.

Mr. STEBBINS's able exposure of the great Colonization humbug is thus noticed:

"The whole object and end of this volume is to prejudice the mind of the reader against one of the most important and benevolent Societies of the country—the American Colonization Society. Anybody who is willing to pay 25 cents, more or less, to have the experiment tried on him, can buy a book."—*Evening Traveller, Boston.*

"This is an able and timely exposé of the hypocritical pretensions and of the pro-slavery character of the Colonization Society. Every true friend of the coloured man should help give it circulation."—*Zion's Herald, Boston.*

"If any of our readers are in a neigbourhood where Colonization is likely to gain a foothold, they had better arm themselves with this book; and all may read it with profit who wish to be prepared to meet the subject, or are in any doubt as to its character."—*National A. S. Standard, N. Y.*

"The book covers the whole ground of controversy, and every position is fortified beyond all assault of argument or cavil. We hope it will be widely circulated. Abolitionists should buy it. It will be a store-house of facts for them, and just the thing to circulate among their neighbours."—*A. S. Bugle.*

"We are extremely glad, therefore, to announce the publication of a work so well digested and ably prepared—so crowded with proofs, arguments, facts and illustrations—as is this neatly printed volume by Mr. Stebbins."—*Liberator.*

Published by JOHN P. JEWETT & Co., Boston.
JEWETT, PROCTOR & WORTHINGTON, Cleveland, O. [3t.]

Life of Isaac T. Hopper.

☞ For sale at the Anti-Slavery Office, No. 142 Nassau street, N. Y. Price, $1 25.

Miscellaneous Department.

From the Evening Post.

GIPSIES IN AMERICA.

It is a common belief that none of that nomadic race, the Gipsies, who are supposed to be of Egyptian origin, have ever emigrated to this country; but some time since we published an extract from the correspondence of the Philadelphia *Gazette*, which went to show that such an opinion is a mistaken one and that the town of Barrington, in New Hampshire, for more than a hundred years, has been the head-quarters of a family whose appearance and habits of life gave every indication of Gipsy descent. Their real name is Leathers, but from time immemorial they have gone by the designation of the "Barrington Beggars," and are reported to have crossed the Atlantic with an English family. They were united under the direction of the oldest man of the clan, who was familiarly termed King—a title always accorded by Gipsies to their ruler. Their occupation was basket-making, but, either from inclination or poverty, they have gained a living mostly by wandering about the country, soliciting alms and plundering the farmers' orchards and hen-roosts. "The Leathers' children," says the letter-writer, "were not educated; none of them could read. No credit could ever be given to their testimony at court. They were noisy, sottish and thievish, but their thefts were usually petty." They had no acquaintance with religious doctrines, and paid no regard to religious observances. Their complexion was swarthy, and their eyes dark, with a certain restless and suspicious expression. In stature they were small."

We have recapitulated the substance of the extract which appeared in the *Post* some weeks ago, for the purpose of introducing appropriately some evidence from the pen of Whittier, the Quaker-poet, in confirmation of the statement therein contained. These Barrington Beggars were, it appears, in the habit of leaving their own State, and making incursions into the rural villages of Vermont and Massachusetts, not far from its borders and Whittier's birthplace, the town of Haverhill, in the north-eastern part of Massachusetts, was one of their favourite localities. The poet's acquaintance with them arose from their frequent encapment, during his boyhood, on the lands of his father's farm, situated on the outskirts of the town.

The testimony which we here quote, is taken from "The Yankee Zincali," an article which appeared in a short-lived political journal, edited by Whittier, during the presidential campaign of 1844. It was afterwards, with other miscellaneous articles, included in a small volume, entitled "The Stranger in Lowell," that being the town in which he made his brief editorial sojourn. It begins with a description of himself, sitting in his sanctum on a dismally-rainy day, and waiting for something of interest to turn up. He is waked from his reveries by the entrance of a beggar, in the garb of an Italian shipwrecked mariner, whom, however, he soon recognises as an old friend from Barrington. This furnishes him with the topic for an article, and we will let him tell his own story, which, besides its subserviency to our present purpose, has an additional attraction from the insight it gives us into the poet's early life, and from the genuine enthusiasm with which he reverts to the recollections of it.

"Hark! a rap at my door. Welcome anybody, just now. One gains nothing by attempting to shut out the sprites of the weather. They come in at the key-hole; they peer through the dripping panes; they insinuate themselves through the crevices of the casement, or plump down chimney astride of the rain-drops.

"I rise and throw open the door. A tall, shambling, loose-jointed figure; a pinched, shrewd face, sun-brown and wind-dried; small, quick-winking black eyes. There he stands, the water dripping from his pulpy hat and ragged elbows.

"I speak to him, but he returns no answer. With a dumb show of misery quite touching, he hands me a solid piece of parchment, whereon I read what purports to be a melancholy account of shipwreck and disaster, to the particular detriment, loss and damnification of one Pietro Frugoni, who is, in consequence, sorely in want of the alms of all charitable Christian persons, and who is, in short, the bearer of this veracious document, duly certified and endorsed by an Italian consul in one of our Atlantic cities, of a high-sounding, but, to Yankee organs, unpronounceable name.

"Here commences a struggle. Every man, the Mahommedans tell us, has two attendant angels, the good one on his right shoulder, the bad one on his left. 'Give,' says Benevolence, as with some difficulty I fish up a small coin from the depths of my pocket. 'Not a cent,' says selfish Prudence, and I drop it from my fingers. 'Think,' says the good angel, 'of the poor stranger in a strange land, just escaped from the terrors of the sea-storm, in which his little property has perished, thrown half-naked and helpless on our shores, ignorant of our language, and unable to find employment suited to his capacity.' 'A vile imposter!' replies the left-hand sentinel. 'His paper purchased from one of those ready writers in New York, who manufacture beggar-credentials at the low price of one dollar per copy, with earthquakes, fires, or shipwrecks, to suit customers.'

"Amidst this confusion of tongues I take another survey of my visitant. Ha! a light dawns upon me. That shrewd old face, with its sharp, winking eyes is no stranger to me. Pietro Frugoni, I have seen thee before! *Si Signor*, that face of thine has looked at me over a dirty white neckcloth, with the corners of that cunning mouth drawn downwards, and those small eyes turned up in sanctimonious gravity, while thou wast offering to a crowd of half-grown boys an extemporaneous exhortation, in the capacity of a travelling preacher. Have I not seen it peering out from under a blanket, as that of a poor Penobscot Indian, who had lost the use of his hands while trapping on the Madawaska? Is not this the face of the forlorn father of six small children, whom the 'marcury doctors' had 'pisened' and crippled? Did it not belong to that down-east unfortunate, who had been out to the 'Genesee county,' and got the 'fevern-nager,' and whose hand shook so pitifully when held out to receive my poor gift? The same under all disguises—Stephen Leathers of Barrington—him and none other! Let me conjure him into his own likeness.

"'Well, Stephen, what news from old Barrington?'

"'O, well I thought I knew ye,' he answers, not the least disconcerted. 'How do you do, and how's your folks? All well I hope. I took this ere paper, you see, to help a poor furriner, who could'nt make himself understood any more than a wild goose. I thought I'd just start him for'ard a little. It seemed a marcy to do it.'

"Well and shiftily answered, thou ragged Proteus. One cannot be angry with such a fellow. I will just inquire into the present state of the Gospel mission, and about the condition of his tribe on the Penobscot; and it may be not amiss to congratulate him on the success of the steam-doctors in sweating the 'pisen' of the regular faculty out of him. But, he evidently has no wish to enter into idle conversation. Intent upon his benevolent errand, he is already clattering down stairs. Involuntarily, I glance out of the window, just in season to catch a single glimpse of him ere he is swallowed up in the mist.

"He has gone; and knave as he is, I can hardly help exclaiming, 'Luck go with him!' He has broken in upon the sombre train of my thoughts, and called up before me pleasant and graceful recollections. The old farm-house nestling in its valley—hills stretching off to the South, and green meadows to the east—the small stream, which came noisily down its ravine, washing the old garden wall, and softly lapping on old fallen stones and mossy roots of beeches and hemlocks—the tall sentinel poplars at the gateway—the oak forest sweeping unbroken to the northern horizon — the grass-grown carriage path, with its rude and crazy bridge—the dear old landscape of my boyhood lies outstretched before me like a daguerreotype from that picture within, which I have borne with me in all my wanderings. I am a boy again; once more conscious of the feeling, half terror, half exultation, with which I used to announce the approach of this very vagabond and his 'kindred after the flesh.'

"The advent of wandering beggars, or 'old stragglers,' as we were wont to call them, was an event of no ordinary interest in the generally monotonous quietude of our farm life. Many of them were well known; they had their periodical revolutions and transits; we could calculate them like eclipses or new moons. Some were sturdy knaves, fat and saucy; and whenever they ascertained that the 'men-folks' were absent, would order provisions and cider like men who expected to pay for it, seating themselves at the hearth or table with the air of Falstaff—'Shall I not take mine ease in my own inn?' Others, poor, pale, patient, like Sterne's monk, came creeping up to the door, hat in hand, standing there in their gray wretchedness, with a look of heart-break and forlornness, which was never without its effect on our juvenile sensibilities. At times, however, we experienced a slight revulsion of feeling, when even these humblest children of sorrow [somewhat petulantly rejected our proffered bread and cheese, and demanded, instead, a glass of cider. Whatever the Temperance Society might in such cases have done, it was not in our hearts to refuse the poor creature a draught of their favourite beverage, and wasn't it a satisfaction to see their sad, melancholy faces light up as we handed them the full pitcher, and, on receiving it back empty from their brown, wrinkled hands, to hear them, half breathless from their long, delicious draught, thanking us for the favour, as 'dear, good children!' Not unfrequently, these wandering tests of our benevolence made their appearance in interesting groups of man, woman, and child, picturesque in their squalidness, and manifesting a maudlin affection, which would have done honour to the revellers at Poosie-Nansie's—immortal in the cantata of Burns. I remember some who were evidently the victims of monomania—haunted and hunted by some dark thought, possessed by a fixed idea. One, a black-eyed, wild-haired woman, with a whole tragedy of sin, shame and suffering written in her countenance, used often to visit us, warm herself by our winter fire, and supply herself with a stock of cakes and cold meat, but was never known to answer a question or to ask one. She never smiled; the cold, stormy look of her eye never changed; a silent, impassive face, frozen rigid by some great wrong or sin. We used to look with awe upon the 'still woman,' and think of the demoniac of Scripture, who had a 'dumb spirit.'

"One (I think I see him now, grim, gaunt and ghastly, working his slow way up to our door) used to gather herbs by the way-side, and call himself Doctor. He was bearded like a he-goat, and used to counterfeit lameness, yet, when he supposed himself alone, would travel on lustily as if walking for a wager. At length, as if in punishment of his deceit, he met with an accident in his rambles, and became lame in earnest, hobbling ever after with difficuity on his gnarled crutches. Another used to go stooping, like Bunyan's pilgrim, under a pack made of an old bed-sacking, stuffed out into most plethoric dimensions, tottering on a pair of small, meager legs, and peering out with his wild, hairy face from under his burden, like a big-bodied spider. That 'man with the pack' always inspired me with awe and reverence. Huge, almost sublime in its tense rotundity—the father of all packs—never laid aside and never opened, what might not be within it? With what flesh-creeping curiosity I used to walk round about it at a safe distance, half expecting to see its striped covering stirred by the motion of a mysterious life, or that some evil monster would leap out of it, like robbers from Ali Baba's jars, or armed men from the Trojan horse.

"Often, in the gray of the morning, we went to see one or more of these 'gaberlunzie men,' pack on shoulder and staff in hand, emerging from the barn or other out-door buildings, where they had passed the night. I was once sent to the barn to fodder the cattle late in the evening, and, climbing into the mow to pitch down hay for that purpose, I was startled by the sudden apparition of a man rising up before me, just discernible in the dim moonlight streaming through the seams of the boards. I made a rapid retreat down the ladder, and was only reassured by hearing the object of my terror calling after me, and recognising his voice as that of a harmless old pilgrim whom I had known before. Our farm-house was situated in a lonely valley, half surrounded with woods, with no neighbours in sight. One dark, cloudy night, when our parents chanced to be absent, we were sitting with our aged grandmother in the fading light of the kitchen fire, working ourselves into a very satisfactory state of excitement and terror by recounting to each other all the dismal stories we could remember of ghosts, witches, haunted houses and robbers, when we were suddenly startled by a loud rap at the door. A stripling of fourteen, I was very naturally regarded as the head of the household; and with many misgivings, I advanced to the door, which I slowly opened, holding the candle tremulously above my head, and peering out into the darkness. The feeble glimmer played upon the apparition of a gigantic horseman, mounted on a steed of a size worthy of such a rider—colossal, motionless, like images cut out of the solid night. The strange visitant gruffly saluted me; and, after making several ineffectual efforts to urge his horse in at the door, dismounted, and followed me into the room, evidently enjoying the terror which his huge presence excited. Announcing himself as 'Dr. Brown, the great Indian doctor,' he drew himself up before the fire, stretched his arms, clenched his fists, struck his broad chest, and invited our attention to what he called his 'mortal frame.' He demanded in succession all kinds of intoxicating liquors; and, on being assured that we had none to give him, he grew angry—threatened to swallow my younger brother alive—and seizing me by the hair of my head, as the Angel did the Prophet at Babylon, led me about from room to room. After an ineffectual search, in the course of which he mistook a jug of oil for one of brandy, and, contrary to my explanation and remonstrances, insisted upon swallowing a portion of its contents, he released me, fell to crying and sobbing, and confessed that he was so drunk already that his horse was ashamed of him. After bemoaning and pitying himself to his satisfaction, he wiped his eyes, sat down by the side of my grandmother, giving her to understand that he was very much pleased with her appearance; adding, that, if agreeable to her, he should like the privilege of paying his addresses to her. While vainly endeavouring to make the excellent old lady comprehend his very flattering proposition, he was interrupted by the return of my father, who, at once understanding the matter, turned him out of doors without ceremony.

"On one occasion, a few years ago, on my return from the field at evening, I was told that a foreigner had asked for lodgings during the night, but that, influenced by his dark, repulsive appearance, my mother had very reluctantly refused his request. I found her by no means satisfied with her decision: 'What if a son of mine was in a strange land?' she inquired, self-reproachfully. Greatly to her relief, I volunteered to go in pursuit of the wanderer; and, taking a cross-path over the fields, I soon overtook him. He had just been rejected at the house of our nearest neighbour, and was standing in a state of dubious perplexity in the street. His looks quite justified my mother's suspicions. He was an olive complexioned, black-bearded Italian, with an eye like a live coal—such a face as, perchance, looks out on the traveller in the passes of the Abruzzo—one of those bandit visages which Salvator has painted. With some difficulty I gave him to understand my errand, when he overwhelmed me with thanks, and joyfully followed me back; he took his seat with us at the supper-table, and, when we were all seated around the hearth that cold autumnal evening, he told us, partly by words and partly by gestures, the story of his life and misfortunes; amused us with descriptions of the grape-gatherings and festivals of his sunny clime; edified my mother with a recipe for making bread of chestnuts—and in the morning, when, after breakfast, his dark sullen face lighted up and his fierce eye moistened with grateful emotion, as in his own silvery Tuscan accent he poured out his thanks, we marvelled at the fears which had so nearly closed our door against him; and as he departed, we all felt that he had left with us the blessing of the poor.

"It was not often that, as in the above instance, my mother's prudence got the better of her charity. The regular 'old stragglers' regarded her as an unfailing friend; and the sight of her plain cap was to them an assurance of forthcoming creature comforts. There was, indeed, a tribe of lazy strollers, having their place of rendezvous in the town of Barrington, N. H., whose low vices had placed them beyond even the pale of her benevolence. They were not unconscious of their evil reputation, and experience had taught them the necessity of concealing, under well-contrived disguises, their true character. They came to us in all shapes and with all appearances save the true one, with most miserable stories of mishap and sickness, and all 'the ills which flesh is heir to.' It was particularly vexatious to discover, when too late, that our sympathies and charities had been expended upon such graceless vagabonds as the 'Barrington Beggars.' An old, withered hag, known by the appellation of 'Hipping Pat'—the wise woman of her tribe—was in the habit of visiting us, with her hopeful grandson, who had 'a gift for preaching,' as well as for many other things, not exactly compatible with holy orders. He sometimes brought with him a tame crow, a shrewd, knavish-looking bird, who, when in the humour for it, could talk like Barnaby Rudge's raven. He used to say he could 'do nothing at exhortin without a white handkercher on his neck and money in his pocket'—a fact going far to confirm the opinions of the Bishop of Exeter and the Puseyites generally, that there there can be no priest without tithes and surplice.

"These people have for several generations lived distinct from the great mass of the community, like the Gipsies of Europe, whom in many respects, they closely resemble. They have the same settled aversion to labour, and the same disposition to avail themselves of the fruits of the industry of others. They love a wild, out-of-door life, sing songs, tell fortunes, and have an instinctive hatred of 'missionaries and cold water."

"'The proper study of mankind is man;' and, according to my view, no phase of our common humanity is altogether unworthy of investigation. Acting upon this belief, two or three summers ago, when making, in company with my sister, a little excursion into the hill country of New Hampshire, I turned my horse's head towards Barrington, for the purpose of seeing these semi-civilized strollers in their own home and returning, once for all, their numerous visits. Taking leave of our hospitable cousins in old Lee, with about as much solemnity as we may suppose Major Laing parted with his friends, when he set out in search of desert-girdled Timbuctoo, we drove several miles over a rough road, passed the 'Devil's Den' unmolested, crossed a fretful little streamlet, noisily working its way into a valley, where it turned a lonely, half-ruinous mill, and climbing a steep hill beyond, saw before us a wide, sandy level, skirted on the west and north by low, scraggy hills, and dotted here and there with dwarf pitch-pines. In the centre of this desolate region were some twenty or thirty small dwellings, grouped together as irregularly as a Hottentot kraal. Unfenced, unguarded, open to all comers and goers, stood that city of the beggars—no wall or paling between the rugged cabins, to remind one of the jealous distinctions of property. The great idea of its founders seemed visible in its unappropriated freedom. Was not the whole round world their own, and should they haggle about boundaries and title-deeds? For them, on distant plains, ripened golden harvests; for them, in far-off work-shops, busy hands were toiling; for them, if they had but the grace to note it, the broad earth put on her garniture of beauty, and over them hung the silent mystery of heaven and its stars. That comfortable philosophy which modern trancendentalism has but dimly shadowed forth — that poetic agrarianism which gives all to each and each to all—is the real life of this city of Unwork. To each of its dingy dwellers might be not unaptly applied the language of one, who, I trust, will pardon me for quoting her beautiful poem in this connection:

"'Other hands may grasp the field or forest,
Proud proprietors in pomp may shine:
Thou art wealthier—all the world is thine!'"

In further confirmation of the opinion that the Gipsies have made their way to this country, is the statement given below, which we take from the *Citizen*, a paper published in Beverly, in the eastern part of Massachusetts. The tribe here mentioned are, it seems, of a different migration, and the evidence in favour of their transatlantic pedigree is even less questionable than in the former case. The *Citizen* says:

"The Gipsey encampment on Isabel's Island, at Ryallside, is something rather novel in our neighbourhood. The old gentleman who is at the head of it is an Uncas Indian, from the State of Maryland. He was carried to England when a boy; there he was brought up and educated, remaining in that country twenty-five years. During his residence there he married a Gipsey woman, whose roving habits harmonized with his own feelings. He is about sixty years of age, his dark hair slightly interspersed with white. He is very intelligent and well informed, uses good language, and speaks with ease and fluency. He has the general features of a European or American, and would not be taken for an Indian, save perhaps for his small, piercing black eyes. It may be that the Uncas tribe are less peculiarly marked than the other tribes. He states that his mother, who was reckoned a pure Indian, was as fair as any European woman. Who knows but this tribe may be the direct descendants from the Welchmen, who, it is said, settled on the continent of America several centuries before it was discovered by Columbus? They are related to have made a settlement in the neighbourhood of the Middle States, and it is not improbable that they gradually assumed the habits of the Indians and formed a separate tribe, being cut off from all communication with their mother country.

"The wife of this old gentleman, who is a Gipsey, is likewise a fortune-teller, and has told many people of certain events of their past lives, though they cannot explain how she obtained a knowledge of them. We must leave this to be explained by those who undertake to explain the mysteries of table-moving. According to their statement, both he and his wife possess considerable property in real estate, the income from which chiefly supports them. They follow this roving life from choice. Their tents are hooped, resembling the covering of a butcher's cart, except that they are more spacious, and covered with woollen cloth. Their beds are placed upon the ground; they dress like our own people, and are comparatively neat in their habits, forming, in this respect, quite a contrast to the Indians who have formerly encamped in this town. The father has nine children, the youngest nine years of age. His son, who is the first born, is with them, and practises medicine according to the empirical system.

"The daughters have more of what are usually regarded as Indian features than their father. One of them has considerable beauty, her face having a fine oval shape, with regular features, and with that arrangement of the teeth which is peculiar to handsome women, the upper front teeth forming a semi-circle downwards from the eye-teeth to the two front incisors.

"The Gipsies are supposed to be of Egyptian origin, and resemble the North American Indians in their roving habits as well as in the swarthiness of their complexions. Indeed, some writers have laboured to prove that these two people had a common origin."

FRAUDS ON THE FAIRIES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

We may assume that we are not singular in entertaining a very great tenderness for the fairy literature of our childhood. What enchanted us then, and is captivating a million of young fancies now, has, at the same blessed time of life, enchanted vast hosts of men and women who have done their long day's work, and laid their grey heads down to rest. It would be hard to estimate the amount of gentleness and mercy that has made its way among us through these slight channels. Forbearance, courtesy, consideration for the poor and aged, kind treatment of animals, the love of nature, abhorrence of tyranny and brute force—many such good things have been first nourished in the child's heart by this powerful aid. It has greatly helped to keep us, in some sense, ever young, by preserving through our worldly ways one slender track not overgrown with weeds, where we may walk with children, sharing their delights.

In an utilitarian age, of all others times, it is a matter of grave importance that Fairy tales should be respected. Our English red tape is too magnificently red ever to be employed in the tying up of such trifles, but every one who has considered the subject knows full well that a nation without fancy, without some romance, never did, never can, never will, hold a great place under the sun. The theatre, having done its worst to destroy these admirable fictions—and having in a most exemplary manner destroyed itself, its artists, and its audiences, in that perversion of its duty—it becomes doubly important that the little books themselves, nurseries of fancy as they are, should be preserved. To preserve them in their usefulness, they must be as much preserved in their simplicity, and purity, and innocent extravagance, as if they were actual fact. Whosoever alters them to suit his own opinions, whatever they are, is guilty, to our thinking, of an act of presumption, and appropriates to himself what does not belong to him.

We have lately observed, with pain, the intrusion of a Whole Hog of unwieldy dimensions into the fairy flower garden. The rooting of the animal among the roses would in itself have awakened in us nothing but indignation; our pain arises from his being violently driven in by a man of genius, our own beloved friend, Mr. George Cruikshank. That incomparable artist is, of all men, the last who should lay his exquisite hand on fairy text. In his own art he understands it so perfectly, and illustrates it so beautifully, so humorously, so wisely, that he should never lay down his etching needle to "edit" the Ogre, to whom with that little instrument he can render such extraordinary justice. But, to "editing" Ogres, and Hop-o'-my-thumbs, and their families, our dear moralist has in a rash moment taken, as a means of propagating the doctrines of Total Abstinence, Prohibition of the sale of spirituous liquors, Free Trade, and Popular Education. For the introduction of these topics, he has altered the text of a fair story; and against his right to do any such thing we protest with all our might and main. Of his likewise altering it to advertise that excellent series of plates, "The Bottle," we say nothing more than that we foresee a new and improved edition of Goody Two Shoes, edited by E. Moses and Son; of the Dervish with the box of ointment, edited by Professor Holloway; and of Jack and the Beanstalk, edited by Mary Wedlake, the popular authoress of Do you bruise your oats yet.

Now, it makes not the least difference to our objection whether we agree or disagree with our worthy friend, Mr. Cruikshank, in the opinions he interpolates upon an old fairy story. Whether good or bad in themselves, they are, in that relation, like the famous definition of a weed; a thing growing up in a wrong place. He has no greater moral justification in altering the harmless little books than we should have in altering his best etchings. If such a precedent were followed, we must soon become disgusted with the old stories into which modern personages so obtruded themselves, and the stories themselves must soon be lost. With seven Blue Beards in the field, coming at a gallop from his own platform mounted on a foaming hobby, a generation or two hence would not know which was which, and the great original Blue Beard would be confounded with the counterfeits. Imagine a Total abstinence edition of Robinson Crusoe, with the rum left out. Imagine a Peace edition, with the gunpowder left out, and the rum left in. Imagine a Vegetarian edition, with the goat's flesh left out. Imagine a Kentucky edition, to introduce a flogging of that 'tarnal old nigger Friday, twice a week. Imagine an Aborigines Protection Society edition, to deny the cannibalism and make Robinson embrace the amiable savages whenever they landed. Robinson Crusoe would be "edited" out of his island in a hundred years, and the island would be swallowed up in the editorial ocean.

Among the other learned professions we have now the Platform profession, chiefly exercised by a new and meritorious class of commercial travellers who go about to take the sense of meetings on various articles: some, of a very superior description: some, not quite so good. Let us write the story of Cinderella, "edited" by one of these gentlemen, doing a good stroke of business, and having a rather extensive mission.

Once upon a time, a rich man and his wife were the parents of a lovely daughter. She was a beautiful child, and became, at her own desire, a member of the Juvenile Bands of Hope when she was only four years of age. When this child was only nine years of age, her mother died, and all the Juvenile Bands of Hope in her district—the Central district, number five hundred and twenty-seven—formed in a procession of two and two, amounting to fifteen hundred, and followed her to the grave, singing chorus Number forty-two, "O come," &c. This grave was outside the town, and under the direction of the Local Board of Health, which reported at certain stated intervals to the General Board of Health, Whitehall.

The motherless little girl was very sorrowful for the loss of her mother, and so was her father too, at first; but, after a year was over, he married again—a very cross widow lady, with two proud tyrannical daughters as cross as herself. He was aware that he could have made his marriage with this lady a civil process by simply making a declaration before a Registrar; but he was averse to this course on religious grounds, and, being a member of the Montgolfian persuasion, was married according to the ceremonies of that respectable church by the Reverend Jared Jocks, who improved the occasion.

He did not live long with his disagreeable wife. Having been shamefully accustomed to shave with warm water instead of cold, which he ought to have used (see Medical Appendix B. and C.), his undermined constitution could not bear up against her temper, and he soon died. Then, this orphan was cruelly treated by her stepmother and the two daughters, and was forced to do the dirtiest of the kitchen work; to scour the saucepans, wash the dishes, and light the fires—which did not consume their own smoke, but emitted a dark vapour prejudicial to the bronchial tubes. The only warm place in the house where she was free from ill-treatment was the kitchen chimney-corner; and as she used to sit down there, among the cinders, when her work was done, the proud fine sisters gave her the name of Cinderella.

About this time, the King of the land, who never made war against anybody, and allowed everybody to make war against him—which was the reason why his subjects were the greatest manufacturers on earth, and always lived in security and peace—gave a great feast, which was to last two days. This splendid banquet was to consist entirely of artichokes and gruel; and from among those who were invited to it, and to hear the delightful speeches after dinner, the King's son was to choose a bride for himself. The proud fine sisters were invited, but nobody knew anything about poor Cinderella, and she was to stay at home.

She was so sweet-tempered, however, that she assisted the haughty creatures to dress, and bestowed her admirable taste upon them as freely as if they had been kind to her. Neither did she laugh when they broke seventeen stay-laces in dressing; for, although she wore no stays herself, being sufficiently acquainted with the anatomy of the human figure to be aware of the destructive effects of tight-lacing, she always reserved her opinions on that subject for the Regenerative Record (price three halfpence in a neat wrapper), which all good people take in, and to which she was a Contributor.

At length the wished for moment arrived, and the proud fine sisters swept away to the feast and speeches, leaving Cinderella in the chimney-corner. But, she could always occupy her mind with the general question of the Ocean Penny Postage, and she had in her pocket an unread Oration on that subject, made by the well known Orator, Nehemiah Nicks. She was lost in the fervid eloquence of that talented Apostle when she became aware of the presence of one of those female relatives which (it may not be generally known) it is not lawful for a man to marry. I allude to her grandmother.

"Why so solitary, my child?" said the old lady to Cinderella.

"Alas, grandmother," returned the poor girl, "my sisters have gone to the feast and speeches, and here sit I in the ashes, Cinderella!"

"Never," cried the old lady with animation, "shall one of the Band of Hope despair! Run into the garden, my dear, and fetch me an American Pumpkin! American, because in some parts of that independent country, there are prohibitory laws against the sale of alcoholic drinks in any form. Also, because America produced (among many great pumpkins) the glory of her sex, Mrs. Colonel Bloomer. None but an American Pumpkin will do, my child."

Cinderella ran into the garden, and brought the largest American Pumpkin she could find. This virtuously democratic vegetable her grandmother immediately changed into a splendid coach. Then, she sent her for six mice from the mouse-trap, which she changed into prancing horses, free from the obnoxious and oppressive post-horse duty. Then, to the rat-trap in the stable for a rat, which she changed to a state-coachman, not amenable to the iniquitous assessed taxes. Then, to look behind a watering-pot for six lizards, which she changed into six footmen, each with a petition in his hand ready to present to the Prince, signed by fifty thousand persons, in favour of the early closing movement.

"But grandmother," said Cinderella, stopping in the midst of her delight, and looking at her clothes, "how can I go to the palace in these miserable rags?"

"Be not uneasy about that, my dear," returned her grandmother.

Upon which the old lady touched her with her wand, her rags disappeared, and she was beautifully dressed. Not in the present costume of the female sex, which has been proved to be at once grossly immodest and absurdly inconvenient, but in rich sky-blue satin pantaloons gathered at the ankle, a puce-colourod satin pelisse sprinkled with silver flowers, and a very broad Leghorn hat. The hat was chastely ornamented with a rainbow-coloured ribbon hanging in two bell-pulls down the back; the pantaloons were ornamented with a golden stripe; and the effect of the whole was unspeakably sensible, feminine, and retiring. Lastly, the old lady put on Cinderella's feet a pair of shoes made of glass: observing that but for the abolition of the duty on that article, it never could have been devoted to such a purpose; the effect of all such taxes being to cramp invention, and embarrass the producer, to the manifest injury of the consumer. When the old lady had made these wise remarks, she dismissed Cinderella to the feast and speeches, charging her by no means to remain after twelve o'clock at night.

The arrival of Cinderella at the Monster Gathering produced a great excitement. As a delegate from the United States had just moved that the King do take the chair, and as the motion had been seconded and carried unanimously, the King himself could not go forth to receive her. But His Royal Highness the Prince (who was to move the second resolution), went to the door to hand her from her carriage. This virtuous Prince, being completely covered from head to foot with Total Abstinence Medals, shone as if he were attired in complete armour; while the inspiring strains of the Peace Brass Band in the gallery (composed of the Lambkin Family, eighteen in number, who cannot be too much encouraged) awakened additional enthusiasm.

The King's son handed Cinderella to one of the reserved seats for pink tickets, on the platform, and fell in love with her immediately. His appetite deserted him; he scarcely tasted his artichokes, and merely trifled with his gruel. When the speeches began, and Cinderella, wrapped in the eloquence of the two inspired delegates who occupied the entire evening in speaking to the first Resolution, occasionally cried, "Hear, hear!" the sweetness of her voice completed her conquest of the Prince's heart. But, indeed the whole male portion of the assembly loved her—and doubtless would have done so, even if she had been less beautiful, in consequence of the contrast which her dress presented to the bold and ridiculous garments of the other ladies.

At a quarter before twelve the second inspired delegate having drunk all the water in the decanter, and fainted away, the King put tne question, "That this Meeting do now adjourn until to-morrow." Those who were of that opinion holding up their hands, and then those of the contrary, theirs, there appeared an immense majority in favour of the resolution, which was consequently carried. Cinderella got home in safety, and heard nothing all that night, or all next day, but the praises of the unknown lady with the sky-blue satin pantaloons.

When the time for the feast and speeches came round again, the cross stepmother and the proud fine daughters went out in good time to secure their places. As soon as they were gone, Cinderella's grandmother returned and changed her as before. Amid a blast of welcome from the Lambkin family, she was again handed to the pink seat on the platform by His Royal Highness.

This gifted Prince was a powerful speaker, and had the evening before him. He rose at precisely ten minutes before eight, and was greeted with tumultuous cheers and waving of handkerchiefs. When the excitement had in some degree subsided, he proceeded to address the meeting: who were never tired of listening to speeches, as no good people ever are. He had them enthralled for four hours and a quarter. Cinderella forgot the time, and hurried away so when she heard the first stroke of twelve, that her beautiful dress changed back to her old rags at the door, and she left one of her glass shoes behind. The Prince took it up, and vowed—that is, made a declaration before a magistrate; for he objected on principle to the multiplying of oaths—that he would only marry the charming creature to whom that shoe belonged.

He accordingly caused an advertisement to that effect to be inserted in all the newspapers; for, the advertisement duty, an impost most unjust in principle and most unfair in operation, did not exist in that country; neither was the stamp on newspapers known in that land—which had as many newspapers as the United States, and got as much good out of them. Innumerable ladies answered the advertisement and pretended that the shoe was theirs; but, every one of them was unable to get her foot into it. The proud fine sisters answered it, and tried their feet with no greater success. Then, Cinderella, who had answered it too, came forward amidst their scornful jeers, and the shoe slipped on in a moment. It is a remarkable tribute to the improved and sensible fashion of the dress her grandmother had given her, that if she had not worn it the Prince would probably never have seen her feet.

The marriage was solemnized with great rejoicing. When the honeymoon was over, the King retired from public life, and was succeeded by the Prince. Cinderella, being now a queen, applied herself to the government of the country on enlightened, liberal, and free principles. All the people who ate anything she did not eat, or who drank anything she did not drink, were imprisoned for life. All the newspaper offices from which any doctrine proceeded that was not her doctrine, were burnt down. All the public speakers proved to demonstration that if there were any individual on the face of the earth who differed from them in anything, that individual was a designing ruffian and an abandoned monster. She also threw open the right of voting, and of being elected to public offices, and of making the laws, to the whole of her sex; who thus came to be always gloriously occupied with public life and whom nobody dared to love. And they all lived happily ever afterwards.

Frauds on the Fairies once permitted, we see little reason why they may not come to this, and great reason why they may. The Vicar of Wakefield was wisest when he was tired of being always wise. The world is too much with us, early and late. Leave this precious old escape from it, alone.

MAMMOTH TREES.

During the past week a party of ladies and gentlemen have visited the mammoth trees of Calaveras county, which are already, as objects of curiosity, attracting many visitors from various sections of the State. We are indebted to a member of the party for information respecting them, which will prove of interest to our readers.

The dimensions of the "big tree," a portion of which is now on exhibition in San Francisco, have already been published; although the bark eighteen inches thick, has been stripped off, the stump is still twenty-four feet in diameter. The body of the tree as it lies on the ground, measures two hundred and forty-nine feet in length.

Another of the trees is named the *Father Pine*. This is dead and has fallen to the earth. Its dimensions are as follows: Length, 400 feet, circumference, 110 feet. The trunk of this tree is hollow, which has been traced for a distance of 250 feet. There is a little pond of water in the center of this cavity four feet in depth. This tree 250 feet from the stump is no less than 12 feet in diameter.

The cluster called The Three Sisters, taken together are 92 feet in circumference and 300 [illegible] in height. The centre one is bare of branches for [illegible] feet above the ground.

The Mother Tree is 91 1-2 feet in circumference, and 325 feet high.

The Mother and Son are 92 feet in circumference and 300 feet in height, united at the base.

The twin Sisters, 100 feet in circumference, 300 feet in height.

The pioneer's Cabin is a remarkable curiosity. This tree has been partially burned, the result of the scorching is the dividing of the trunk into several compartments, which are known as the parlour, bed room and kitchen. The hollow, which is 200 feet in height, is called the Chimney. This tree is 85 feet in circumference.

Siamese Twins, 90 feet in circumference, 325 feet in height.

Guardian of the Times, 85 feet in circumference, 325 feet in height.

Uncle Tom's Cabin, 94 feet in circumference, 300 feet in height.

Pride of the Forest, 87 feet in circumference, 300 feet in height.

Beauty of the Forest, 72 feet in circumference, 300 feet in height.

Two Friends, 85 feet in circumference, 300 feet in height.

One of the party "axed" the Father Tree for some bark, and was rewarded by obtaining a handsome section thereof.

The above trees are all embraced in an area not exceeding one half mile in extent.

The surrounding country is exceedingly picturesque and beautiful, and the scenery at many points along the road is said to be unsurpassed for sublimity and grandeur.—*Sacramento (Cal.) Union.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

Miss Cunninghame was liberated from prison at Florence.

——A letter from Turin says: "The Piedmontese Government had refused to admit M. Foresti, a naturalized American, as Consul for the United States, alleging that he is a disciple of Mazzini's."

——The Police made an unsuccessful search a few days ago in the house of M. Kif, a rich Hungarian, for Kossuth, who, they had received information, had arrived in Paris, and was stopping there.

——Chambers, in his life of Burns says: "It is a remarkable fact, that the mass of the poetry which has given this extraordinary man his principle fame, burst from him in a comparatively small space of time, certainly not exceeding fifteen months. It began to flow of a sudden, and it ran in one impetuous brilliant stream, till it seemed to have become, comparatively speaking, exhausted."

——Poets in France get splendid perquisites in the shape of presents. Beranger receives every week more sugar, more coffee, more pots of jelly, than would stock a grocer's shop; he gets the rarest fruits and the best game; casks of wine and cases of brandy arrive at his house daily, "whilst," says the Paris correspondent of the *Literary Gazette*, "more night-caps and more socks are knitted for him than a regiment of soldiers could wear out in a year."

——Talleyrand.—At a small private party in Paris, one evening, some difficulty was found in making up a whist table for the Prince de Talleyrand. A young diplomat present, who was earnestly pressed by the hostess, excused himself on the grounds of not knowing the game. "Not know how to play whist, sir?" said the Prince, with a sympathizing air, "then, believe me, you are bringing yourself up to be a miserable old man!"

——A case involving the rights of naturalized American citizens is now under the attention of the Legation at Berlin. Henry Van Pensche, a Prussian, was condemned, in 1849, to four years' imprisonment for an offence against the press. In 1850 he fled to the United States and took the requisite steps to naturalize as a citizen. About a year since he returned, on private business, to Hamburg, where he was arrested and given up to the Prussian authorities. Since then he has remained in the jail of Leignitz, and claims the interference of the United States in his behalf.

——A woman in Spain retains her own fortune when she marries, and is in every point, as far as regards money, far more independent than a married woman in England. The husband, be he ever so extravagant, can never touch his wife's property, and it is very amusing to hear Spaniards discussing this subject, for they entertain an idea that women in England are mere cyphers in their own homes, and they never omit an opportunity of impressing us with the fact that they are quite independent, and really manage their households themselves and and everything connected with them.—*Lady Tennison.*

——The guards, drivers, stokers and others employed on the Scottish Central Railway, have addressed the follying letter to their superintendent:

"Sir: We, the servants of the Scottish Central Railway, beg to inform you that, having last summer seen a circular recommending the men upon railways to cultivate the growth of their beards as the best protection against the inclemency of the weather, we have been induced to follow this advice, and the benefit we have derived from it induces us to recommend it to the general adoption of our brothers in similar service throughout the kingdom. We can assure them, from our own experience, that they will, by this means, be saved from the bad colds and sore throats, of such frequent occurrence without this natural protection."

——Scotland.—The *Edinburgh Advertiser*, of the 21st ult., furnishes the following case, showing the veneration of an American for the home of his forefathers:

"A party of ladies and gentlemen, amounting in all to eleven persons, arrived at Berwick, by the North British Railroad, on Saturday, whence they proceeded in three carriages to the plains of Flodden. They had with them an infant three or four months old, and the object of their visit appeared to be to have this infant baptized with the waters flowing through the field of Flodden. They were accompanied by a clergyman, reported to belong to Glasgow. The ceremony being concluded, they returned to Berwick, and left again by railway for Edinburgh. The principals of the party were reported to be American, and the father of the child is said to have discovered that some of his ancestors were slain with James IV. at the battle of Flodden. Hence his desire to have his child baptized at that memorable locality, and which had induced him to come from New York. At all events, he stated to some persons whose services were engaged that he had travelled 3,000 miles for this purpose. He had evidently been acquainted with the district, for he made inquiry after several of its late inhabitants."

——Relics.—It is but a very short time since, that 70,000 pilgrims visited Aix-la-Chapelle on an errand presupposing a credulity and trickery outdone by nothing at Constantinople. At Naples, some milk of the Virgin Mary is displayed, which the ignorant are told, becomes liquid every feast of the Virgin, but is dried up at any other time; in Rome, eight articles are preserved under the asseveration that they are gowns worn by the Virgin; Treves, Chartres, Montserrat, Rome, Moscow, and the Escurial dispute the possesion of the true veil of the Virgin; the hair of the Virgin is exhibited in a great number of placesand in a great number of colours; twelve heads of St John the Baptist, all in a tolerably perfect condition, are to be counted, besides no end of fragments of the skull, and extra jaws; while in Rome and various Italian cities, there are in all, twenty-seven (originally it was three) nails of the cross.

——A London paper tells this capital story, which though taken, perhaps, from some American paper, we have not met with before:

In one of the most splendid of the New York hotels, three weeks since, a distinguished Southern gentleman, formerly a member of the cabinet, preferring not to eat at the *table d'hote*, had his meals served in his own parlour with all the elegance for which the establishment is noted. Being somewhat annoyed with the colour of the servant who waited on him—a negro of very sooty complexion—he desired him, one day at dinner, to retire. The negro bowed, and took his stand directly behind the gentleman's chair. Supposing him gone, it was with some impatience, that a few minutes after, the gentleman saw him step forward to remove the soup. "Fellow," said he, "leave the room, I wish to be alone." "Excuse me, sir," said Cuffee, drawing himself up stifly, "but I am responsible for the silver."

——The *People's Paper* gives this account of the clearance of her lands of tenants, to make way for sheep, by a Mrs. Macdonnell of Knoydart, Glengarry, Scotland:

"This lady had a number of cottagers on her domains, many of whom were unable to pay their rents—some being considerably in arrears, *as we are told*. She, therefore, ordered all off, and drove them to take refuge in the woods and caves, where they have since been lurking, or rather dying, while Mrs. Macdonnell's horses have been warmly bedded in secure and comfortable dwellings. She at the same time offered them a free passage to Canada, passage money being cheaper than poor rolls, and permission to sell 'their little stocks,' they having no stock whatever to sell, except the clothes they stand in, a broken table, or a rheumatic cat. Finally, she forgave them the arrears she could not get. This is called '*noble generosity*.'"

——M. Soyer, noticing the extravagant repasts of the latter days of Rome, observes in his "Pantropheo" that Lucullus caused to be served to Cicero and Pompey a little *ambigu*, which cost £1,000. There were only three of them to partake of it. Vitellius did not spend less than £3,200 for each of his repasts; and the composition of his favourite dishes required that vessels should unceasingly ply between the Gulf of Venice and the Straits of Cadiz. We see that the Cæsars encouraged this frightful gastronomic monomania. Tiberius gave more than £3,000 to the author of a dialogue, in which the interlocutors were mushrooms, fig-peckers, oysters, and thrushes. Ælius Verus invented the *pentapharmacum*, a kind of *Macedoine*, composed of sows' flanks, pheasants, peacocks, ham, and wild boars' flesh. Geta insisted upon having as many courses as there were letters in the alphabet, and each of these courses must contain all the viands whose name began by the same letter. This was a wonderful advance from what M. Soyer calls "the happy simplicity of the Homeric ages, when Patrocles peeled onions, Achilles washed cabbages, and wise Ulysses roasted, with his own hands, a sirloin of beef!"

——The Eastern Question.—The Sultan has announced that if the Russians do not evacuate the Principalities within fifteen days, Turkey will consider it as a case of declared war, and will act accordingly, but will not at present cross the Danube.

The Sultan has appealed to the moral, and if necessary, to the material aid of France and England, by demanding the presence of their fleets before Constantinople.

A Trieste letter of the 12th says, the declaration of war was published in an imperial manifesto, and was posted on the walls of all the Mosques. Omer Pacha, on the 9th, formally summoned Gortchakoff to evacuate the Ottoman territory. If Gortchakoff refers to his government, Omer Pacha will allow fifteen days—but if Russia definitely refuses, he will commence hostilities at once—but in the meantime will not cross the Danube. This would delay operations till the 24th Oct. A corps of 150,000 additional Turkish troops had been ordered.

The clergy had offered to place 200,000,000 piasters ($8,000,000) of church property at the Sultan's disposal.

The Sultan had represented to the ambassadors of foreign governments, that he desired to settle the difficulties with Russia peaceably; but as his ancestors had gained their empire by the sword, the Turks would perish in its support—or if fate ordained that their country should fall to another master, they would quit Europe as they entered it—sword in hand.

The opinion is that the French and English will allow the turks and Russians to fight their own battles, but if the Turks are defeated, will prevent the Russians from marching on Constantinople. With this view, a protecting force might occupy a strong position between Broussa on the Danube and Kestendge on the Black Sea, or they may, perhaps, occupy Rodosto on the Sea of Marmora or Riestchant.

The Russians on their part are active. Gen. Luders had arrived at the camp. The troops were in motion up the river. Fifteen battalions of infantry, with 31 pieces of artillery, had marched through Bucharest. Prince Gortchakoff, it was reported, had in affect annexed the principalities, having formally notified the Hospodars that Prince Menchikoff will in future administer the government. The remaining Russian officials had left Turkey. Thirty thousand Redifs, under the French Colonel Magnan, had been pushed forward to the Bosnian frontier, to watch the movements of Prince Daniel of Montenegro, who is again arming.

There was a rumour (but it was disbelieved, that the Porte had appointed Dembinski and Klapka, the Hungarian generals, to high commands.

Conflicting reports were received from Paris; the latest advices say, the Shah, acting on the advice of the British Minister, had rejected the request of Russia to take up arms against the Turks.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Globe* says: "Notwithstanding all that we hear of the preparations for war, the impression here that peace will be preserved is very general. The number of offers of aid to the Turkish Government from Poles, Hungarians, &c., is almost incredible. These offers are not confined to the refugees in France—they have come from the United States, from Hungary, Poland and Italy. All the offers received here by the Turkish Ambassador are politely and thankfully acknowledged, but no hope has been held out to the parties that their services will be accepted. The Turkish Government will probably decline such aid, if regular assistance be given by the French and English Governments."

A dispatch from Constantinople states, that party spirit had ceased to exist in that capital upon the declaration of war, and the enthusiasm exhibited by all classes was perfectly indescribable. The women sent their jewels from the harems to be sold for the benefit of the State, and several wealthy Arabs had promised to raise a corps of 15,000 horse at their own expense.